

OCTOBER 9, 1925

No. 1045

Price 8 Cents

FAME

AND

FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

PLUCKY BOB;

OR, THE BOY WHO WON SUCCESS. *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*

AND OTHER STORIES



As the locomotive issued from the tunnel Bob tugged frantically at the ropes holding him to the rails. Crack! A rifle shot rang out. The line attached to the left rail parted and the boy swung around off the track.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1925

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PLUCKY BOB

OR, THE BOY WHO WON SUCCESS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Bob Barker and His Friend Dave Wilton.

"Hello, Bob," cried Dave Wilton, "bound for Rockport?"

"That's what I am," returned Bob Barker, pausing in the act of hoisting the mainsail of a stout sailboat that lay moored in a bight of the land within a hundred yards of the white shaft known as Gull Point Light, on the shore of Lake Superior. "Want to go along?"

"That depends," replied Dave, who was not especially fond of the water, particularly when the lake was covered with foaming whitecaps as it was at that moment.

"On what?"

"How long you're going to stay in Rockport. Looks to me as if there was a storm coming on."

"What's taking you down there?"

Bob pointed at a demijohn, conspicuously labeled "Molasses," which stood near the entrance to the little cabin.

Dave laughed. He knew that the word "molasses" really spelled "whisky."

"Well, I'll go with you. I've got something to tell you."

"All right," said Bob. "I'll come and fetch you aboard."

He let go of the hoisting sheets, returned to the standing-room, or cockpit, of the craft, grabbed a thin rope attached to a skiff floating astern, pulled the little boat along side so he could step into it, and taking up an oar sculled her to the point of land on which Dave Wilton stood watching him.

There was not much style about either of the boys. Of the two Dave had the most clothes on. Bob's dress consisted of a calico shirt, a pair of trousers and a straw hat. He was chief cook and general assistant to "Captain" Coffin, a grizzled old sea dog who had charge of the Gull Point Light, and a very efficient helper he proved to be, as good as any man, for he was strong and hearty—"as tough as an old knot," the captain called him—easy to manage, and as plucky as any boy in the State of Michigan. He was an orphan. The captain picked him up in Marquette one day about six years since. The death of his mother had just thrown him, a friendless little chap, on the cold charity of the world, and the

lighthouse keeper found him the day after the funeral shivering on the doorstep of the house where he and his mother had lived in two scantily-furnished rooms whose general aspect attested their poverty. The charitable old mariner stopped and questioned him, with the result that he offered the boy a home at the Gull Point Lighthouse which he had then but recently taken charge of.

Bob accepted the offer with alacrity and went to live with the captain and his assistant in the one-story house near the granite shaft whose lantern pointed the way at night to the craft that sailed the waters of the great American lake. At first he had very little to do, but that little he did so well and so cheerfully that the captain's assistant, with a view of easing his own labors, gradually initiated the boy into all the duties connected with the lighthouse. The Government had no official knowledge of Bob's existence until a few months before the opening of this story, when the captain's regular assistant was taken ill and had to be removed to a hospital in Marquette, where he still was. Since then Bob, with the consent of the Government officials, helped the captain run the light. Old Nat Coffin had one weakness, which would have cost him his job if the fact had leaked out, and that was a fondness for Old Crow Whisky. He kept a demijohn of it constantly on hand, and one of Bob's duties was to take the wicker-covered bottle to Rockport and have it refilled whenever it ran dry. This was the only job that the boy did not take kindly to.

On the day our story opens the captain found that the whisky had given out sooner than he had calculated on, and as the weather was coming on "dirty," he did not want to be without his customary stimulant. Accordingly Bob was instructed to go to Rockport for a fresh supply, and he was preparing to do it when his friend Dave Wilton turned up and hailed him.

"Is that all you're going to Rockport for, to get that demijohn refilled?" asked Dave, as he stepped into the boat.

"That's all," replied Bob, shoving off from the shore.

"Couldn't the captain wait till to-morrow or next day when the weather will be fairer?"

"No. This is medicine for his rheumatism, and he's got to have it or he may be laid up," answered Bob, holding the skiff ready while Dave stepped aboard.

Bob then threw the moorings overboard, where they floated by a billet of wood attached to them, and put the boat's head up in the wind. In a few minutes they were clear of the land, heading west by south for Rockport.

"You said you had something to tell me," said Bob, turning to Dave. "What is it?"

"It isn't anything that you'll like to hear, but you and the captain ought to know it."

"Well!" said Bob, eyeing his companion keenly. Murray Loper and Jerry Coombs have been released from prison and are back in the neighborhood."

"How do you know?" asked Bob, a bit startled. "I saw them last night in the village. I'm afraid their return means no good to Captain Coffin. You remember it was his evidence sent them up, and at the time of their conviction they swore to get square with him."

"They were caught red-handed landing a load of French cognac on the shore, and as Captain Coffin represents the Government in this neighborhood it was his place to see that they got what was coming to them for breaking the customs laws."

"He did his duty, and that's why they're down on him."

"Where are they hanging out?"

"At Pierre Placide's tavern. Pierre is an old crony of theirs."

"You think they mean to harm the captain in some way?" said Bob, anxiously.

"I'm sure they do," replied Dave. "Jim Johnson, our hired man, was at the tavern last night and he says that he overheard them telling Placide that they meant to fix Captain Coffin, and the Government, too, for bringing about their conviction."

"I guess they won't hurt the Government much, whatever they may try to do to the captain. I'm sorry you didn't tell me this before we put off."

"Why? What difference does it make?"

"Well, the captain is alone in the house. They might take it into their heads to pay him a visit while I'm away. I'd have asked you to stay with him until I got back."

"Oh, I don't think they'll make any more so soon. They'll have to figure out some scheme first."

"You can't tell what they'll do. When I saw them at the time of their capture they looked desperate enough to do anything."

"They're pretty tough-looking roosters. I'll admit. I wouldn't like to have them after me."

It was late in the afternoon when Bob and Dave started for Rockport, and the weather grew steadily worse during their trip to the town.

"I guess you may look for a snorter to-night," said Wilton, as the waves broke angrily against the windward side of the boat. "It seems to be growing worse every minute. If I thought it was going to be as bad as this I wouldn't have come. I don't like to think of the return trip."

Bob laughed.

"Don't you worry. I'll land you at the point safe and sound, even if it blows twice as hard."

"Well, we're nearly at the wharf, that's some satisfaction," said Dave, noticing that they were close aboard of Rockport.

In a few minutes more the sailboat was tied up to a stringer, and Bob, with the demijohn in his hand, accompanied by Dave, were walking toward the store where the young boatman was accustomed to go for his wet goods.

CHAPTER II.—Bob Makes a Wholesale Rescue.

Bob left the demijohn with the clerk of the store to fill, telling him that he would return shortly, and then he and Dave kept on to the post-office. He got a newspaper, addressed to Captain Coffin, which came from Chicago twice a week, and was a great source of entertainment for both himself and the captain. As they were passing out of the building the postmaster and general storekeeper of the village near which Dave lived drove up to get the mail-bag for that place. Wilton greeted his arrival with satisfaction, for he saw a more pleasant way of getting back home than by the boat.

"I say, Bob, you don't mind if I go back with Atkins, do you?"

"Sure not, if you'd rather go that way."

"I hate to shake you, old man," said Dave, with some embarrassment; "but the fact is the water is altogether too rough for me this afternoon."

"Don't apologize," laughed Bob. "I'll excuse you."

Bob then returned to the store, got the demijohn and carried it down to the boat, which was riding uneasily at her moorings. Although the sky was overcast and dull-looking, there was still more than an hour's light ahead, and Bob cast off expecting to make the Point in about twenty minutes in that wind. The boat, as soon as she was clear of the little harbor, and caught the full force of the wind, began to lurch in a way that would have carried some dismay to Dave Wilton's heart if he had been aboard. Bob was rather glad that he wasn't. Rockport was an exclusive summer resort for a colony of Chicago brokers and their families. The shore of the harbor to the westward of the town was fringed with their cottages, and these were occupied during July and August. There was one fair-sized hotel which was thrown open to the public in the last week in June. As our story opens in the first week of that month there were few signs of life in that quarter of the harbor. One cottage only was open. This belonged to a Detroit banker, who had been ordered to the lakeshore for his health. His name was Maxwell Marr, and his family consisted of his wife, a son named Harry, and a daughter called Mabel. Mr. Marr owned a small steam yacht, and the only diversion the family had at present was to take daily cruises about the lake in her. When Bob got half-way across to the Point he saw this yacht skimming in toward Rockport. She rode the waves like a duck, and was a beauty from bow to stern. She was hugging the western rim of the half-moon-like curvature of the shore. Bob immediately noticed that she was rapidly approaching a dangerous shoal which was marked

by a big bell-buoy. Now that Bob's attention was called to the buoy he was surprised at not hearing the monotonous sound so familiar to him in rough weather.

He looked fixedly at the spot where he knew the shoal to be, and was startled to find no sign of the big red-and-black striped buoy. What had become of it? Had it broken from its anchor in some way and floated out to sea?

Aware of the strength of the steel chains that held it this idea did not seem reasonable. But it certainly was not in its accustomed spot, and the yacht was rushing right upon the shoal. Bob, in a fever of apprehension, hauled to windward, and headed the sailboat straight for the rocks. When he arrived within a third of a mile of the shoal the steam yacht struck on a foam-covered rock with a crash and turned over on her side. The female figure Bob had seen standing near the helmsman went overboard at the same time, and was borne away by the waves toward the approaching sailboat. Although Bob was almost expecting something of the kind, the marine tragedy occurred so quickly that it fairly took his breath away. Bob feared that the girl was as good as lost, for though he scanned the waves closely, even his experienced eye could make out nothing but the masses of driving foam that flecked the water everywhere like shifting snow drifts.

He altered the boat's course a bit as he was swept forward, and then suddenly his heart gave a great bound. He caught a fleeting view of the girl's head right under the sailboat's bows. He threw his craft into the wind and leaned far over the side. The drowning girl was cast against the side of the boat and glided swiftly aft. Bob's only chance to save her was to grab her as she passed. He saw that his only feasible hope was to seize her hair, which floated free on the surface. He made a dive at this as she swept by and caught it. Then he released his hold on the tiller, leaned over, got a firmer grasp on the girl's hair, lifted her head well above the water and secured a grip on one of her arms.

That was all he needed to complete the good work, for exerting all his strength he hauled her dripping and unconscious aboard the sailboat. Laying her face down in the cockpit, he put the boat on her course again, which would bring her close up to the wrecked yacht. Bob could see five persons aboard of her—four men and a boy—clinging desperately to the brass railing that rose high above the water-line as the little steamer lay listed to the windward. To approach the stranded yacht close enough to be of any use to the unfortunates aboard of her was a dangerous thing for Bob to attempt, for the shoal bristled with sharp pointed rocks hidden by the rolling water. He could not get close enough at the best for the people to jump aboard of the sailboat, for to try and do that was to place his little craft in a position to be dashed to pieces against the side of the yacht.

Tying the tiller so as to hold the boat on the wind, he ran forward, seized a coil of light line, one end of which was fastened around the bottom of the mast where it penetrated the cabin, and returned again with it to the cockpit. He recoiled it, leaving plenty of slack, and then when he came within casting distance of the wreck,

flung it with all his might over the heads of the survivors. Then he threw his craft up into the wind and took his chances of the rocks that he knew surrounded him. Two of the men aboard seized the line and fastened it to the rail. Across this thin lifeline the boy of the party first made his way with considerable agility. As soon as he got within reach Bob seized him by the arm and helped him on board.

"We must save my father and the crew," he gasped, with white face. "My poor sister is lost," he faltered, with streaming eyes.

"No, she isn't," replied Bob. "I saved her five minutes ago."

"You did? How did you? Where is she?"

"She's lying in the cockpit. Can't you see her? I could do nothing to bring her to her senses, for I had to devote myself to trying to save those on the wreck."

"Poor sis," murmured the boy. "Ah! Here comes my father. Will the line hold, do you think? Fortunately he is not a big man."

"It will hold, all right. Your father's life depends on his ability to maintain his grip on it. Stand ready, now, to seize him just as soon as he gets within reach."

It seemed like an age that Banker Marr, the owner of the lost yacht, was suspended over the boiling sea, making his way toward the sailboat by slow degrees. At length, however, he accomplished the perilous feat, was grabbed by Bob and his son, and dragged to safety. One by one the sailing master, the engineer and the deck-hand, who acted as fireman, followed, and were helped on board. When the last had been rescued, Bob severed the line with his knife and sprang for the tiller. The sailboat shot across the shoals without touching any of the rocks, and Bob laid his course back for Rockport.

CHAPTER III.—A Startling Discovery.

The banker had carried his insensible daughter into the cabin, where he was joined by his son, and between them they succeeded in bringing her back to life. Bob resigned the helm to the sailing-master of the steam yacht and looked into the little cabin to see how things were getting on.

"Young man," said Banker Marr, seizing him by the hand and dragging him inside, "how can I ever sufficiently thank you for your heroic efforts in behalf of myself and my children, not to speak of the others. You have placed me under life-long obligations to you, and you shall have no cause to regret the priceless service you have this day rendered me and mine. What is your name?"

"Bob Barker, sir."

"You live in town, I presume?"

"No, sir. I belong to the Gull Point Light."

"Ah, indeed. Well, you shall be liberally rewarded for the services and the dangers you courted in our behalf."

"I don't want any reward, sir," replied Bob. "I simply did my duty."

"Whether you want to be rewarded or not you shall not be forgotten. My name is Maxwell Marr. This is my son, Harry, and my daughter's name is Mabel. We live in Detroit, but are spending the summer at a cottage I own near Rockport. Poor health brought me down here a

month before the season opens. My wife fortunately did not accompany us on the yacht today, as she was not feeling well. She thus escaped the terrible peril that we encountered. Are you heading back for Rockport?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who's at the tiller? My sailing-master?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. He will bring us alongside my private wharf."

Turning to his daughter he asked her how she felt.

"Much better, father," she said, clinging to his neck.

"Are you able to thank this brave boy for saving your life?"

The girl looked gratefully at Bob, and murmured her thanks. She was a lovely creature, even bedrugged as she was. Her customary rosy cheeks were missing, however, and her shiny golden hair hung in tangled damp masses down her back, while her soft summer gown clung close to her exquisite figure. Bob Marr also took the opportunity to grab the poorly-dressed young hero by the hand and add his thanks. Bob felt rather embarrassed by the warmth of their feelings. He also felt out of place in the presence of persons of their high social station.

Bob's boat was a swift sailer in a strong wind, and it wasn't long before she was brought up alongside of Banker Marr's private dock in front of his cottage. The banker tried to induce the boy to go up to the house, but Bob said he was in a hurry to get back to the Point, for Captain Coffin was alone, it was coming on dark, and the wind was already blowing a gale, with every indication that it would be much worse shortly.

"Very well, my lad, I won't detain you, then. But you must call and see us in a day or two. You will find us at home, for now that the yacht is lost, we cannot go on the water as we have been accustomed to."

Bob promised to call at the first chance he got, and after shaking hands all around he put out from the wharf and headed for the lighthouse. If it had been rough when he left Rockport before it was twice as rough now.

All around him the snow-capped waves rushed at him as if eager to down the little craft he was guiding, but it was a vain attempt, for the sailboat rose jauntily as they reached her, and she rode securely on the summit of the surges. At length he sighted the light that shone from the living room of the single-story house squatted under the lee of the lighthouse. The smoke swirling away landward from the chimney told Bob that the captain had a good fire going in the stove, and that he was no doubt preparing supper, a duty that by rights fell to the boy.

"Well, I've got a good excuse for being late," said Bob to himself. "It was lucky for those people in the yacht that the captain sent me for his whisky this afternoon. But for that not only Miss Marr, but everybody on board would be food for the fishes by this time. I wish I knew what happened to the bell-buoy. It must have sunk at its moorings somehow, for I'm sure it never could have broken away. It is a very singular circumstance, anyway. Such an accident seldom happens, for those buoys are inspected once a month, and it's only about ten days since the

Government tug was around this way. Well, all we can do is to report it, though that will doubtless be done by Mr. Marr, or his sailing-master. We have to do it anyway, in order to make the notice official. It's part of our duty."

The sailboat was now rapidly nearing the Point, and Bob's trip would presently be over. He was not sorry, by any means. Although relieved of anxiety about the captain, he was prodigiously hungry, and he was cold and wet, as well.

His scanty attire was not conducive to comfort on such a chilly, tempestuous night. The spray that constantly broke over the side of the boat had wetted him to the skin. It would have made little difference to him if he had gone overboard just as he was—he would have been a bit damper, that was about all. It was with some difficulty that he ran up to his moorings, for though the little cove was well sheltered from the wind, the waves dashed into it about as rudely as they did on the shore outside, and had he been inexperienced at his task he would easily have been beached, to the detriment of the boat as well as himself. The skiff was tossing about at the end of the mooring billet, and was half full of water. He dropped the sail as he shot into the cove, and the boat glided up to the floating log. Securing the mooring rope he attached it to the ringbolt in the bows and pulled the skiff alongside. He furled the sail snugly, then got the demijohn from the cabin, the door of which he locked and put the key in his pocket. As an additional precaution for the safety of the sailboat he dropped her anchor overboard, thus giving her a double hold on the bottom. Then, getting into the skiff with the demijohn, he sculled ashore. He beached the boat high and dry out of harm's way and then started for the house.

As he was about to lay his hand on the handle of the door he stopped as if suddenly turned into stone. He heard the rough tones of several men inside, and their voices were angry and threatening.

"Great Scott!" he palpitated. "Have those rascals come, after all?"

With a feeling of dismay at his heart Bob glided up to the low window close at hand in order to satisfy himself as to what was going on inside. Pressing his face against the pane, he saw Captain Coffin backed up against the dresser, where the dishes were kept, and confronting him were three stalwart men, while a fourth, not so big, stood in the background. The faces of the four were disguised by pieces of canvas, but Bob had no doubt but two of them were Murray Poper and Jerry Combs. As Bob looked he saw the captain's hand glide into the top drawer of the dresser and in another moment he flashed out his revolver. At the sight of the weapon the three masked men made a combined rush at him. There was a flash, a stunning report, and the glass pane was shattered in the boy's face. Bob staggered back, stunned and bleeding. Clutching wildly at the empty air, he fell upon the ground and rolled over on his face.

CHAPTER IV.—A Diabolical Scheme.

Bob recovered from the shock of the bullet, which had grazed his temple, in a few minutes,

but he felt dizzy and sick. The blood was running down his cheek, while his face was cut by pieces of the window glass. Wiping the blood away with his handkerchief, he staggered on his feet and leaned against the wall of the house. The keen wind and the drops of rain that were swept into his face revived him somewhat. He heard loud voices proceeding from the interior, and his intense anxiety over the captain's fate overcame all other considerations. Pulling himself together he groped his way to the broken pane and looked in again. The captain had been overcome by the ruffians, who were now binding him to his armchair, and mocking his protestations and strenuous objections to such treatment. The small man in the background was taking no active part in the affair, although the mask on his face proclaimed him to be an accomplice of the others.

"What's your object in attacking me this way?" demanded the captain, without a shade of fear on his old weather-beaten countenance. "Don't you know that you'll be punished for this assault? This is United States ground and the marshal of the district will be after you as soon——"

"Shut up, you old barnacle!" cried another of the rascals, fetching the light-keeper a whack on the mouth with the back of his hand. "If you hadn't butted in where you had no business to, this wouldn't have happened to you."

"And what do you intend to do in the lighthouse? You have no right there."

"We'll take the right. Might is right just now. We're goin' to put you out of business as a keeper, d'ye understand?"

"What do you mean?"

"This here Gull Light is a revolver—flashes red and white every other half minute. When the skipper of a craft out yonder sees it he knows the Camelsback Reef is so many p'int's on his port or starboard bow as the case may be, and that he must give the shore a wide berth if he doesn't want to run foul of the rocks. Fifteen miles west of here is the Minot Light. It's a stationary white glim, and p'int's the way to Marquette. The coast is clear of such things as camelsbacks there, and vessels kin run in close with safety. Well, d'ye begin to see the drift of what I'm gettin' at? We're goin' to turn this revolver into a stationary light, by breakin' the machinery connections. When the pilot of the Canadian liner, St. Lawrence, which is due in this neighborhood inside of half an hour, sees a stationary white light he'll think he's off Marquette, where the steamer is bound, and will alter his course so as to run in by the near shore channel as usual. He may wonder how he came to miss the Gull Light, which he will suppose is fifteen miles east, but as it's a bit misty on the lake, he may guess that the fog lay in thick around the Gull when the steamer passed and that he failed to see the light. What'll be the result? The Canadian boat will run smack on the Camelsback and be a total loss. Who'll be to blame? You will. We're goin' to dope you with liquor, so that you'll be reported drunk at your post. Then you'll be cast adrift in disgrace. That's our revenge. How do you like it?"

"Man, man, you cannot mean to do such a

terrible thing as that!" cried the captain, aghast at the diabolical scheme.

"Ha! We've got you on your knees, have we?" laughed the rascal. "You might beg from now till doomsday, but it wouldn't alter our purpose in the least. No, no; the Gull Light will see the wreck of the St. Lawrence to-night, never fear. Pierre, you and Tom guard this mackereifaced sinner while Jerry and me does the trick. It won't take us over a minute or two to smash the connections and then the job will be done. The Gull will be transformed into the Minot, and there will be trouble to burn an hour from now."

Bob, listening at the window, heard every word and was paralyzed at the wickedness of the scheme these men were about to work. A cold perspiration broke out over his brow, and he trembled like a leaf. If the rascals carried out their project, as they seemed determined to do, a terrible disaster was liable to occur. How could it be prevented? Captain Coffin was helpless and could do nothing.

"It's up to me," muttered the wounded boy. "I must outwit those villains somehow, no matter at what risk to myself. It is my duty to the Government. If that steamer goes on the Camelsback hundreds of lives will be sacrificed. She shall not go on the rocks if I can help it. But how can I prevent them getting into the lighthouse? I haven't any weapon at hand. Perhaps I could stun them with rocks. They wouldn't be able to catch me in the dark and rain. I'm afraid that would only stand them off temporarily. One of them has the captain's revolver. He might manage to shoot me and then it would all be up with the steamer. A better way will be to follow them into the lighthouse, and after they have carried out their purpose I can perhaps repair the damage and start the light revolving again. Yes, that's what I'll do."

Bob didn't have long to wait. The two principal ruffians, whom the boy judged to be Loper and Coombs, left the captain in charge of their companions and walked toward the tower. Bob followed cautiously behind them. The man who had the key inserted it in the lock, and after a guarded look about, he opened the door and when they had entered he closed it behind them. He heard the men's steps above resounding on the iron stairs as they ascended, and he followed them with great caution. By this time a terrific gale was blowing in from the lake. Bob's bare feet made no noise on the steps, and consequently the two rascals had not the least suspicion that they were being followed to the top of the lighthouse. Up, up they went by the winding stairway, and behind them came the shadowy figure of the boy, who easily kept track of their position by the sound of their rough boots. There was a small room under the lantern where a temporary supply of oil was kept all the time. The narrow stairway ended at the door of this room, whence access to the lantern was had by a stationary iron ladder under a trap-door, always kept open. Although there was supposed to be no occasion to secure the door at the head of the stairs, nevertheless it was supplied with a heavy bolt which could be pushed into a solid socket. Once this bolt was shot no ordinary force could burst in the iron door. Bob thought of this, and his

plans were quickly made. As soon as the rascals had done their work and had retired satisfied with the outlook, he intended to bolt himself in, ascend to the lantern and see if he couldn't repair the damage they had done.

When he reached the room where the temporary oil supply was kept the two rascals were already up in the lantern. He heard their voices distinctly through the open trap, and presently he heard blows, as of metal upon metal. Finally there was a crash and the sound made by the revolving carriage suddenly ceased. The lamps had come to a standstill. Knowing that they might be down any moment now, Bob crouched behind the patent safety oil tank and waited. In a few minutes the heels of one of them appeared on the ladder, coming down backward. The other followed and both were soon standing in the oil room where Bob was.

The place was not absolutely dark, owing to the glare of the lamp above which sifted down through the trap, and Bob held his breath for fear the least sound on his part might lead to his discovery. Somewhat to the boy's trepidation the two men did not immediately leave the room. They stood in the center of the floor talking while one filled his pipe. Had the rascal dreamed that the mere lighting of his pipe was to lead to consequences unfortunate for himself and his associate he assuredly would have deferred his smoke. But he didn't suspect that there was an unseen watcher present, so he carelessly struck a match and applied the flame to the tobacco in the bowl.

The rascals had removed their masks in the lantern, the better to do their nefarious work, and so when the tiny flame flashed up Bob saw their faces and he knew them at once as Murray Loper and Jerry Coombs, and could swear to their identity. At that ticklish moment, just as the match expired, the boy's foot slipped and made a slight noise on the stone flooring.

"Hist!" exclaimed Loper. "I heard a noise."

"So did I," said Coombs.

Both men listened intently, while Bob shivered with apprehension.

CHAPTER V.—The Hero of Gull Point Light.

After an interval of perhaps fifteen or twenty seconds, but which seemed endless to Bob, Coombs said: "It was nothing. There's nobody up here but ourselves."

"I should hope not," replied Loper. "It wouldn't be good for anybody if we did find 'em here. I wonder where that young cub is that helps the old man?"

"He may be at the house now. Tom and Pierre will know what to do with him if he has turned up."

"Yes, they'll keep him quiet. Well, come on. We're wastin' time. Ugh! How it does blow. I'd hate to be out on the lake such a night as this. The thunder is growin' louder every moment and the lightnin' brighter. The Camels-back must be a mass of foam by this time. The liner will have a poor show when she strikes the reef, as she's bound to do if she takes the inside track thinkin' the Gull is the Minot."

The sneaker laughed harshly, and then both

men passed out at the door, and Bob heard their boots ringing on the iron stairs as they went down. He listened eagerly until all sounds but those made by the raging storm outside ceased, then he sprang up ready for business. His first act was to slam the iron door to and shoot the bolt. Then with his heart filled with exultation that he had overreached the rascals he sprang for the iron ladder, ran up the rungs like a monkey, and stepped out into the lantern. Masses of flying spume torn from the waves were flung against the thick glass of the lantern. In the center of the lantern was the lens, cone-like in shape, and about ten feet high. It had a wrinkled appearance, being made of rings of glass succeeding one another, having the property of catching up the rays flying out in all directions and reflecting them through the glass of the lantern.

Bob passed inside this great column of prisms to where the lamp stood, its three concentric circles of wicking burning brightly. Underneath it the machinery for pumping the oil was at work. It had to be wound up several times during a night, and then the pumping went on automatically. Bob saw with dismay that the men had not simply disconnected the driving-rods which caused the lamp carriage to revolve, but had broken them in such a way that they could not be repaired at short notice. The scoundrels had done their work more effectually than the boy had dreamed they meant to. What was to be done now? The lamp was throwing a stationary white light across the waters of the lake, and it seemed likely to continue to do so after all, since it was useless to re-connect the broken rods.

Bob, however, was equal to the emergency. The urgency of the situation sharpened his wits. He knew that the Canadian liner was almost due at that point, and what would happen if the light continued to burn a clear white he dared not dwell upon. He laid his hands on the nicely adjusted carriage. It moved easily under his touch. The solution of the difficulty was before him. In fine, he himself could perform the work of the revolving apparatus.

"One—two—three—four—five—six," he counted, with the regularity of a clock, until he reached thirty, and then the red light flashed out over the dark waters of the lake.

"One—two—three—four—five—six," and so on, and the white light flashed across the turbulent waves.

And so he kept the work steadily up while the storm raged furiously about the lantern. Every thirty seconds the red and then the white light alternated as it had always done, and great was the surprise and rage of Murray Loper and Jerry Coombs when they looked up at the lantern and saw what was happening.

"There's something wrong up there," gritted Loper, at length. "We must go back and investigate. Come. The Canadian liner is due now, and unless that lamp is stopped right away we may as well give up the job."

So up the winding stairway they went again. But a surprise awaited them at the head of the stairs. The door of the little room under the lamp was shut, and shut tight.

"It's bolted on the inside," roared Loper, in a white rage. "Some one is in there. Or, rather,

he's in the lantern turning that infernal lamp. Who can it be?"

"Who?" snarled Jerry Coombs. "It must be the boy."

"The boy!" cried Loper.

"Yes. Young Bob Baker. He's got back. He has clearly got on to our scheme somehow. He must have followed us into the lighthouse and hid himself there until we left. You remember we heard a noise in this room. It was made by him, without a doubt. Had we investigated it we should have discovered the little villain tucked away in some snug corner. Now he's outwitted us. This door is securely bolted. It is impossible to reach him. The light will continue to revolve and the steamer will not go on the rocks. We are beaten to a standstill by that measly kid."

"Hang him for a marplot!" roared Loper. "Can we do nothin' to stop him?"

"Nothin'. The cantankerous cub is no doubt laughin' at us in his sleeve."

Murray Loper uttered a string of imprecations and smote the iron door with his fists. He called on the boy to open the door or they would kill him on sight. Bob did not hear him, nor if he had would he have paid the least attention to his threats. At length the ruffians gave up their useless endeavors to force entrance into the little room under the lamp, and retraced their steps in a very bad humor indeed. As they stood once more at the door of the house they shook their fists with impotent rage at the revolving light and cursed the boy whose patient heroism had brought their plans to nought. Opening the door they called their two companions outside and explained the situation to them. The howling gale lashing the shore a hundred feet from them was not fiercer than the passions of the four men. Could they have laid their hands on Bob at that moment they would have murdered him. The anger they felt against Captain Coffin paled into insignificance beside the feeling they now entertained against the brave boy. And while they stood there cursing their luck the Canadian liner, *St. Lawrence*, passed through the gale like a shining specter in the darkness, her engines driving her onward through the raging gale toward safety and Minot Light, fifteen miles away.

CHAPTER VI.—The Next Morning.

At length the four ruffians left the house, without taking the trouble to release the old captain, and vanished into the darkness in the direction of the village. The storm fiend must have laughed at the thoughts and imprecations of the villains as they breasted their way through that gale till they reached the tavern owned by Pierre Placide, where they spent a good part of the night drinking vile liquor and plotting revenge on the boy whose benumbed arms kept up their heroic task throughout the night. The captain, as he sat in a dejected attitude in his chair, wondered where Bob was.

"The steamer is always on time," he muttered to himself. "At half-past eight she should be off the Gull. When the pilot sees a fixed light shining at that hour where a revolving one

ought to be, will he not suspect that something is wrong and keep straight on his course? He knows well enough the perils of the Camelsback. He will know, too, that he has not sighted the Gull, and he will keep on, but to-morrow the Lighthouse Board will be informed that the light at Gull Point was stationary white at eight-thirty by the clock, and so remained. Others passing this place to-night will also make the same report. I will be called on for an explanation. How will I be able to clear myself? There was no witness to the outrage, and I did not even recognize the rascals. The rules are so strict that I may be superseded, and thrown out on the world—an old man, without a chance to earn a living at anything else. It's maddening to think of, while on top of it all that brave boy may be lying cold and clammy at the bottom of the lake at this minute."

The storm roared and shrieked around the dwelling as the hours passed. The fire went out in the stove and the temperature of the room grew chilly to the old captain, who missed his usual allowance of whisky. He did not know that the demijohn stood underneath the window pane, broken by his bullet, the wicker covering soaked by the rain dripping from the eaves.

Even if he had been aware of that fact it would have done him no good, since he was bound hard and fast to his chair. So the night passed on leaden wings. At four o'clock the gale broke and daylight dawned over the face of the troubled lake. Bob had kept steadily at work with brief intervals of rest when his arms absolutely refused their office. At such times he allowed the red light to shoot lakeward in a steady gleam so that by no possibility could be Gull Light be mistaken for the Minot. He took advantage of these intervals to wind up the oil pump, that the flow might continue steady. At half-past four the sun peeped through the ragged fragments of the clouds on the eastern horizon, and Bob's all-night labors were done.

With a weary sigh he extinguished the lights and then walked out on the balcony that surrounded the lantern. The cool wind, still blowing a gale, felt grateful on his fevered brow and revived him. Half an hour's rest made him feel all right, with the exception of his arms. They felt nerveless after having been so heavily overtasked.

"I wonder how the captain is?" he said to himself as he descended the ladder to the room underneath the lamp. "I hope those rascals did not take their disappointment out of him. If they have injured him in any way they shall pay dearly for it. I can swear that Murray Loper and Jerry Coombs are the ringleaders of last night's enterprise. They shall suffer for this outrage. If they have hurt the captain their punishment will be so much heavier."

He shot the bolt back and opened the door. Then he descended the stairs to the ground floor. He found the door ajar and the key in the lock. Stepping out into the air he locked the door and approached the house with not a little misgiving. On opening the door he saw Captain Coffin tied to the chair, his gray head bent forward in profound slumber. Bob rushed up to him and laid his hand on his shoulder. The captain awoke with a start and gazed at the boy in a

dazed way. Bob pulled out his jackknife and cut the old man loose.

"Is that really you, Bob?" cried the captain, joyfully. "Where have you been all night? I feared you might have been upset in the lake between here and Rockport."

"Not much danger of that, Cap," laughed the young boatman. "The Polly and I always manage to keep right-side-up no matter how hard it blows. I've been in the lighthouse."

"The lighthouse! Were you caught and locked in by those men?"

"No, Cap. The boot was on the other leg. I got the best of the rascals myself."

"You did! Then you saved the light from being tampered with?" cried the light-keeper, with a thrill of satisfaction.

"Not quite. They got into the lamp first and broke the revolving connections. I followed them up to the little room under the lamp, and hid behind the oil-cabinet. When they left I bolted the iron door at the head of the stairs, went into the lamp chamber and kept the carriage on the move all night with my hands. I'm about fagged out."

"Lord bless me! You mean to say that you revolved the lamp yourself all night?"

"I did, Cap. I outwitted the villains who thought to lure the liner St. Lawrence on the Comelsback by making the Gull Light resemble the Minot."

"You're a wonderful boy, Bob! You deserve a gold medal from the Government. But what's the matter with your face? You're wounded. Did the rascals shoot at you?"

"No, Cap. You did that."

"Me, Bob?" cried the light-keeper.

"Yes. I was looking in at that window yonder when you took your revolver from the top drawer of the dresser. The men rushed at you and you fired. The bullet went wild, smashed that pane of glass right in my face, and the ball cut the skin over my temple. It nearly put me out of business for good and all. Still, a miss is as good as a mile. I'm none the worse for a skin wound and a few pieces of broken glass."

"You had a providential escape from death," said the captain, solemnly. "Then you came back in time to see those scoundrels enter the house?"

"No, I didn't see them enter, but I heard their voices inside. I had been warned by Dave Wilton that two of the rascals intended to pay you a visit some time, and I was on the lookout for them. That's why I didn't get caught."

"Did Wilton tell you who the men were? I did not recognize them owing to the canvas masks they wore."

"He did. I saw the faces of the two who went up into the lighthouse, and they were the men he mentioned."

"Who were they?"

"Murray Loper and Jerry Coombs—the men who were caught smuggling brandy from the Canadian shore into this State three years ago, and who were convicted principally by your evidence."

"Are they out of the penitentiary?" asked the captain, in some surprise.

"Yes. Their time expired and they were let go. They came down here on purpose to get

back at you, and I... made the attempt which I queered, I am glad to say."

"You saw their faces, you say, Bob, and can swear to their identity?"

"I can swear to the fact that they were Loper and Coombs, all right," nodded the boy.

"Then they won't remain long out of prison. You must go to Rockport and communicate with the United States marshal at Marquette. The sooner they're arrested the better. Who were the other two men?"

"One, I'm almost certain, was Perre Placide, the tavern keeper. I couldn't say who the other was."

"Well, I must light the fire, and get breakfast under way. Neither of us has had a mouthful since yesterday noon."

"You can light the fire, but I'll get breakfast, Cap."

"How about the demijohn, Bob?" asked the captain, wistfully. "My stomach feels all gone like. If I had a nip now it would set me on my pins."

"I left it outside. It is probably there still, unless those rascals discovered and carried it off."

"I hope they didn't," replied Captain Coffin, apprehensively. "Go out and see if it's there."

Bob found the demijohn standing where he left it, none the worse for its all-night exposure to the storm, and he fetched it into the house. The captain's eyes glistened when he saw it, and he lost no time pouring out a stiff dram and swallowing it with evident relish. Breakfast was soon prepared and put on the table. While they were eating it Bob told the captain about the missing buoy that had marked Whitefish Shoal; how Banker Marr's steam yacht had gone on the rocks a total wreck, and how he had saved the lives of all hands, including the banker's daughter after she had been swept from the yacht at the time she struck.

"That's why I was so long in getting back, Cap. I had to return to Rockport with the people."

"You're a regular hero, Bob," said the captain, enthusiastically. "You'll be in all the papers. The banker will probably reward you liberally, and the society of Marquette will no doubt send you a gold medal for saving so many lives. Then when I report to the Lighthouse Board how you kept the light revolving with your hands all night after the machinery was broken you will be brought prominently to the notice of the department at Washington, and I guess you'll get some kind of substantial recognition."

"I think I could stand a good suit of clothes," said Bob, with the recollection in his mind of his unsatisfactory appearance before the banker and his children.

"You shall have that, anyway, Bob. I will buy you the best suit to be found in Rockport, so you won't have to lay out any of your present wages. You never seemed to care much for clothes—I mean in warm weather. You have a pretty good suit in your room that you wore all winter. But of course you'll need something light for July and August."

"No, Cap, I'm going to buy my own clothes with my own money," replied Bob. "I've been invited to call on Mr. Marr and his family and I want to look decent. If it wasn't for that I

shouldn't care much to fix up. I feel more at home in these togs than I would in a swell outfit. When I want to take a swim all I have to do is to yank off my shirt and trousers and jump in. And when I've had enough of the water it only takes me about half a minute to dress myself again."

After breakfast Bob lay down for a short sleep before starting for Rockport to send word to the United States marshal of the district, and while he was stretched out on his bed Captain Coffin went up to the lantern to repair the damage done by the two rascals to the revolving machinery of the lamp.

CHAPTER VII.—Visiting the Wreck.

Captain Coffin let Bob sleep until noon, when he called him down to dinner. When the boy appeared at the table his outward appearance was considerably improved. He had a good pair of trousers on, shoes and stockings, a clean shirt, a collar and a necktie, and a sack coat. The captain nodded approvingly, for he liked to see the boy fixed up. Bob sat up to the table and helped himself liberally to the food before him. Breakfast had only taken the edge off his long fast, and he now proceeded to even matters up. While he and the captain were busy with their knives and forks Dave Wilton appeared.

"I see you got back all right, Bob," said Dave, taking a seat near the table.

"Sure, I did. What was there to prevent me?"

"Have something to eat, Dave?" asked the captain.

"No, thanks, captain. I had my grub before I came over. I s'pose you ain't heard nothing yet from Loper and Coombs," said Dave, looking at Bob.

"Then you suppose wrong," replied the lighthouse boy.

"What! They haven't been over this way, have they?"

"They were over last night, with two of their friends."

"You don't say! Were they ugly?"

"Were they? They couldn't have been much worse."

"They don't seem to have done anything to the captain, after all."

"Oh, they just had a little fun with him. Tied him to his chair, and then they went into the lighthouse."

"What did they want there?"

"They expected to put Captain Coffin in a hole by monkeying with the light."

"Did they do anything to machinery that turns the lamp?"

"Yes."

"The dickens they did!"

"Their object was to make the Gull look like the Minot, which is equipped with a stationary white light. They thought in that case the Canadian mail boat St. Lawrence might be lured on to the Camelsback and become a wreck."

"Gee whiz! But they didn't succeed, did they?"

"Not much, they didn't" chuckled Bob. "They didn't even succeed in keeping the light from going around—that is, for not over five minutes."

"They didn't gain much by coming over here, then?"

"They secured a good chance for going back to the penitentiary."

"I shouldn't think they'd care for that."

"Probably not; but that's their funeral. If they chose to take desperate chances in order to do Captain Coffin an injury, why, that's their lookout."

"Then you intend to have them arrested for what they did last night?"

"That's about the size of it. I'm going to Rockport as soon as I get through dinner to notify the United States marshal at Marquette to look after them."

"I'll go with you, if you like. I ain't got anything particular to do this afternoon," said Dave.

"You can come. The gale has blown itself out. If you'd come back with me yesterday afternoon you'd have had a chance to distinguish yourself."

"How's that?"

"The steam yacht belonging to an early summer visitor at Rockport went on Whitefish Shoal when I was half way from town to the Point."

"Is that so? How did it happen? There's a big bellbuoy there to warn navigators off."

"It was there, but it isn't there now."

"How is that? I saw it when we were sailing over, and heard the bell plainly enough."

"Something happened to it after we passed that way, for it was gone when I looked for it on my return trip."

"What could have happened to it? Broke loose and floated away?"

"I don't think so. It's disappearance is a mystery to me."

"You say the yacht went on the rocks? Did she get off again?"

"Not by a jugful. She's a wreck."

"Who was aboard of her at the time?"

"The owner, his son and daughter, a sailing master, engineer and one hand."

"Quite a bunch. Did you take them off?"

"I did, and I had a strenuous time doing it. The worst of it was the young lady went overboard when the craft struck, and it was only by the greatest good luck that I managed to pick her up."

"How did you do it all by yourself in the boat?"

"I'll tell you the whole yarn on your way over to Rockport," said Bob, rising from the table.

"Want anything in town, Cap?" he added turning to the light keeper.

"You might bring me a pound of smoking tobacco," replied the captain.

"All right. I'll do that," said Bob.

"Here's the money for it," said the old man, handing him some silver.

Bob and Dave walked down to the cove and embarked on the sailboat. As soon as they were fairly off the shore, Bob let off his sheets, and taking the wind on the beam, he stood over toward Whitefish Shoal, where the wreck of the steam yacht was plainly to be seen.

The lake was still covered with whitecaps, and the sailboat heeled over under the fresh gusts of the northwest wind in a manner that was somewhat trying to the nerves of Dave Wilton, but he kept a stiff upper lip and pretended that he liked it. He envied Bob's careless indifference as the young boatman sat on the weather side of the tiller, and would have given a good

deal to have had his nerve. The Polly made a quick run over to the shoal, and while she was doing it Bob told his companion all about the wreck of the yacht, and how he saved the girl and afterward the people aboard of her.

"You're a wonder, Bob, 'pon my life you are," said Dave, admiringly. "How you could have done all that by yourself and managed the boat at the same time, in a gale, beats me. The Marquette Humane Society will surely give you a gold medal. Timothy Baxter got one, you know, for saving three people off the Camelsback last fall, and he didn't have half the trouble, nor run half the danger you did yesterday."

"I sha'n't refuse it if it's offered me," replied Bob, who felt that it would be a great honor for him to have such a medal, "but I'm not going to ask for it."

"Of course. The society will find out that you deserve it, for the story will be in today's Rockport 'News,' and it's bound to be copied by the Marquette papers. The medal, however, will be a side issue. Mr. Marr, who must be a very rich man to afford a steam pleasure yacht, is bound to reward you well for saving his life and the lives of his son and daughter."

"He can't pay me anything for doing that," said Bob, in a tone that showed he meant what he said.

"Why can't he?" asked Dave, in surprise.

"Because I wouldn't take anything from him."

"You wouldn't?" ejaculated Wilton clearly astonished.

"No, I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't believe in taking pay for such a thing as that."

"I don't see why you shouldn't. If I did what you did I'd take all that was offered me, and think I was entitled to it."

"I have my own ideas on the subject. I consider human life above any price, and it doesn't strike me as just right to accept money, even from a rich man, for doing him such a favor."

"Well, I don't agree with you. When you save a person's life he's naturally grateful to you, and if he can show his gratitude best by handing you out a wad of money you ought to take it, otherwise he's bound to feel hurt."

"A person can express his gratitude just as well by thanks, and I'd rather have it that way."

"How did Mr. Marr act towards you? Did he offer to pay you?"

"No, not in so many words, but he spoke about rewarding me and I told him plainly that I didn't want any reward but his gratitude."

"What did he say to that?"

"He didn't say any more, except that I should not have cause to regret what I had done for him and his."

"Oh, he'll find some way of making it right with you."

Bob had no further time for conversation, as the boat was close upon the shoal. He had some idea of going aboard the stranded yacht and seeing what he could bring away before she broke up. She was evidently a stout craft to have stood the pounding of the sea all through the previous night's gale and still hang together in fair shape. Bob even began to consider the pos-

sibility of her being hauled off the rocks, floated over to Rockport and repaired. The problem that confronted him now was to get alongside of the little steamer and board her. The roughness of the water on the shoal operated against his purpose. So also did the sharp rocks that surrounded her. On the whole, it was a pretty venturesome task he had set for himself, and the closer in he got to the wreck the less sanguine he became of succeeding.

"Do you really think of boarding the steamer?" asked Dave, who thought it looked impossible of accomplishment.

Had he known the dangers that bristled about the vessel he would have begged his companion not to attempt it.

"I mean to if I can," answered Bob.

"What are you going to do aboard her?"

"See what I can save."

Dave had the utmost confidence in Bob's seamanship and he said no more. The young boatman ran the Polly under the yacht's lee, where the water was smoother, and then saw that it would be possible to connect with the steamer in safety if he could get a line around her short bowsprit that would hold. The trend of the tide would then swing the sailboat away from the wreck. He explained the maneuver to Dave and asked him if he thought he could accomplish it.

"Or, if you'll hold the tiller just so I'll try it myself," he added.

Dave thought he'd rather hold the tiller. Bob threw the Polly up in the wind while he got the line and made his preparations for the trick, then he headed the boat for the yacht's bow, told Dave just what to do in case the line caught and held and went forward to the bow. As the sailboat glided up to the yacht Bob cast the line, which twirled nearly about the steamer's bowsprit and held taut when the Polly swung around, stern on the tide. Bob then pulled the boat close up and made fast. It was now a simple matter for him to clamber onto the bowsprit and secure the other end of the line so it could not possibly get loose. The yacht was listed to port at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about half her entire length was submerged. Bob made his way astern along the starboard rail. The cabin entrance faced the wheel. Looking in, he saw, as he expected that the water covered about everything on the port side. The door of one of the staterooms on the starboard side was open. Removing his shoes and stockings and rolling his trousers up about his knees, Bob managed to scramble into it. It was elegantly furnished, and appeared to be intended for a lady's use. Everything that was not fastened had been swept into a confused jumble on the floor against the wall. A handsome lady's gold watch hung suspended from an ornamental hook, and Bob took possession of it.

He also found a silver trimmed wallet, containing about \$25 in bills, stuffed into a wall pocket. He tried to get into the adjoining stateroom, but it was locked. After looking the cabin over without further results, Bob returned to the sailboat the way he had come, cast off the rope from the yacht's bowsprit, and stood off for Rockport, fully believing that if proper measures were taken the steamer could be saved.

CHAPTER VIII.—Bob Visits the Marr Cottage

On their arrival at Rockport, Bob went to the telegraph office and sent a message to the United States Marshal at Marquette. He also mailed an official letter to the lighthouse inspector of the district. This contained Captain Coffin's report of the disappearance of the bell-buoy from Whitefish Shoal, the consequent wreck of the steam yacht, and the outrage perpetrated at the lighthouse during the night by Murray Loper, Jerry Coombs and two companions. The captain did not fail to represent Bob Barker's heroic conduct in its brightest light. Then, making an arrangement with Dave to meet him at a certain time on the wharf where the sailboat was moored, Bob started for the Marr cottage.

It was a fine, sunshiny afternoon, and the banker, his wife and daughter were seated on the veranda overlooking the lake. Bob received a royal welcome, and was introduced to Mrs. Marr, who thanked him in a feeling way for saving the life of her daughter from certain death, as well as rescuing her husband and son from the wrecked yacht. The banker asked Bob about himself, how he came to be connected with the lighthouse, and whether he thought he would like to make a change for the better. Bob told him how he came to live with Captain Coffin, and how the captain had been like a father to him ever since he found him a sad little orphan on the doorstep in Marquette.

As to making a change for the better, he wasn't sure that he was quite ready to cut loose from the old lightkeeper yet. He was sure that Captain Coffin wouldn't want to part with him yet a while, and in any case he couldn't leave the lighthouse for some little time.

"Well, Bob, whenever you are ready to make a new start in the world I want you to come to me. I am president of the Detroit National Bank, and I can at any time put you into a good position with a future before you. I can easily see that you're naturally smart and bright, and as I owe you an obligation I never can adequately repay, it is my wish to start you in the right way on the road to success. Promise me that you will not fail to avail yourself of my offer when the time comes."

"Yes, sir, I promise you that, all right, and I thank you for making me the offer."

"No thanks are necessary on your part, Bob. The obligation is all on my side. I could not, of course, think of offering you pay for what you have done for me and mine—such services are beyond price. The only way by which I can demonstrate my gratitude is to take charge of your future, as it were, and do for you as I would for my own son. This, I assure you, I will make my business whenever you are ready to accept my good offices."

Mabel Marr was very gracious to Bob, and now that she was dressed in one of her prettiest gowns, with her golden hair rippling down her back in sheeny waves, he was more than ever impressed with her loveliness.

"I know that I looked simply awful yesterday afternoon after you pulled me out of the water," she said, archly. "You can't imagine how embarrassed I was when you came into the cabin of

your boat after father and Harry brought me to my senses. I just felt as if I wanted to run away somewhere and hide myself, but there was no place to run to. You must have thought me a sight."

"I thought you the prettiest girl I had ever seen," said Bob, frankly.

"How could you think such a ridiculous thing?" she said with a smile and a blush.

"I did, just the same. But you couldn't have felt worse than I did. Why, I wasn't more than half dressed myself, and my worst clothes at that. Just as I left off cleaning the lantern in the lighthouse to go to Rockport on an errand for Captain Coffin. I was in no shape to meet a young lady, especially such a nice one as yourself."

"Dear me, how complimentary you are," she replied, with a silvery laugh. "Really, I don't deserve to be flattered in that way."

"I make it a point always to tell the truth, Miss Marr."

She flashed a bewitching glance in his face and shook her finger at him in a playful way.

"You know that I'm deeply grateful to you, Bob Barker, for saving my life," she said, earnestly. "I shall never forget what I owe you as long as I live. I shall always be your friend under any circumstances. And so will papa, mamma and brother Harry. You mustn't call me Miss Marr—that is altogether too formal under the circumstances. Call me Miss Mabel, or even Mabel, if you wish, and I will call you Bob, for we are going to be the best of friends after this, aren't we?"

"You forget, Miss Mabel, that I am only a poor boy—a lighthouse-keeper's assistant, while you are the daughter of a wealthy banker."

"How can you think for a moment that the fact of you being a poor boy will make any difference with me?" said the girl, quickly. "Besides, you will not be poor long, for papa intends to help you get up in the world. He will either make an opening for you in his bank, or he will send you to school with Harry, as you may prefer."

"Your father made a very generous offer to me, but I cannot tell as yet when I will be able to accept it."

"But of course you will accept it, won't you?"

"I think there is little doubt about it, for it is too good to be refused," replied Bob. "I must first lay the matter before Captain Coffin, who has been as good as a father to me for many years, and see what he says about it. I owe him a duty for all his kindness to me, and I could not be so ungrateful as to think of leaving him in the lurch."

"Of course not. Papa would not expect you to. But I'm sure Captain Coffin will not stand in your light."

"I do not fear that he will. He thinks too much of me for that. But it will be hard for him to lose me. He is an old man, and depends more and more on me all the time. I want to do the right thing by him as well as by myself."

Bob and Miss Mabel talked for quite a little while, and then her brother Harry appeared and greeted the young lighthouse lad in a particularly friendly way.

"I hope we'll see a good deal of each other this

summer, Bob," he said, in a frank manner that attracted the visitor to him. "I'm bound to say that I like you, without taking into consideration the fact of what we all owe you, and when I like a fellow I can't do too much for him. You must come over and see us whenever you can get off. We shall want you to go out on little excursions with us about the neighborhood. I dare say you know of a great many interesting places along the shore. For instance, sis and I would like to go to Bald Cliff if you'll go along and show us the way by land. It would be a nice long afternoon's walk. We've noticed the cliff several times from our yacht. It must be more than a hundred feet high, and there seems to be a kind of circular cove at the foot of it. Our sailing-master told us that it was once used as a landing place for Canadian liquor smugglers."

"I'll go with you and your sister to Bald Cliff any afternoon you say," replied Bob. "It is the highest headland between Marquette and Whitefish Bay, and you can get a fine view of the lake from the top. The cove is a good swimming spot. I go there often with a friend of mine named Dave Wilton. It was a smugglers' landing place years ago. In fact, Captain Coffin captured two chaps there three years ago running a load of French cognac ashore from a sloop. As to walking out there, it would be quite out of the question, that is, if you mean from here. I'll come over after you in my boat to-morrow or next day, or the day after, whenever you like, and take you both to the Point, show you over the lighthouse, and then we can walk from there to Bald Cliff."

"That would be delightful," exclaimed Mabel Marr, with sparkling eyes. "We can go any afternoon that suits you, can't we, Harry?"

"Yes. Our time is our own. Make the date yourself, Bob."

"How will to-morrow suit you? The lake will probably be fairly calm."

"It will suit us all right. We will expect you, then?"

"I'll be on hand at one o'clock, if that isn't too early for you," replied Bob.

"We'll have an early lunch and be ready when you come. Bring your boat up to our wharf."

"All right," said Bob. "By the way, I almost forgot one of the reasons that brought me over to your cottage. I boarded the wreck of your yacht on my way across and looked her over. It's my opinion that she can be gotten off the rocks and repaired as good as ever again."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Mabel, almost joyously.

"I do. She stood that fierce gale of last night all right. She seems to be an unusually strong boat. Nine crafts out of ten in her position would have gone to pieces under the buffeting she must have received. The fact of the matter is she looks as if she ran into a small channel between the rocks, and has not sustained as much injury as appeared at first. She's nearly full of water, though, that is, at high tide, when I was aboard of her. I found a gold watch and a wallet in one of the cabins, the only one I was able to enter. Here they are," and Bob held up the articles.

"They're mine," said Mabel, eagerly. "I gave them up for lost."

Bob handed them to her.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for bringing them to me," she continued. "I prize the watch very much, as papa gave it to me on my last birthday."

"Then I'm glad I boarded the craft, though I dare say your father will be able to save the vessel if he loses no time over it."

"I'll speak to my father about it just as soon as I see him," said Harry Marr. "He'll be glad to save her if he can, for she cost a good deal of money, and we couldn't duplicate her in time to be of any use this summer."

After some more talk on the subject of the yacht, Bob took his leave and walked over to the wharf in town where the Polly was tied up. He found Dave impatiently waiting for him, so without any more delay they got aboard, hoisted the mainsail and set their course for the Point.

CHAPTER IX.—Mabel Marr and Her Brother Visit Gull's Point.

When Bob and Dave disembarked at the cove the latter went home, after promising to be at the lighthouse next day at about two o'clock to participate in the jaunt to Bald Cliff.

Bob found the captain seated at the door of the house in the afternoon sunshine smoking his briar-root pipe.

"I've left the lamp for you to attend to, Bob," said Captain Coffin. "I've repaired the damage to the machinery so that the carriage will revolve as well as ever."

"All right, Cap," replied Bob, cheerfully. "There's your tobacco."

He handed the pound package to the light-keeper and then went into the tower. In a few minutes, with his jacket off and his shirt sleeves rolled up, he was hard at work polishing up the lamp. This was a duty he always performed in the early part of the forenoon, but had omitted that morning because he needed rest after his strenuous services during the night. After he finished with the lamp he went over the giant column of prisms, and after that he cleaned the glass of the lantern, inside and outside. There were a whole lot of other things to do also, so that it was supertime when he was through. Before going down Bob made a final inspection of the lantern, to be sure everything was shipshape. The last thing he did was to walk around the parapet, which was girdled by a solid-looking handrail, and look the glass panes over to see that he had not missed any part of them. The sun, still half an hour high, hung like a red ball above the western horizon. It gave promise of a warm and fair day on the morrow. There was scarcely a cloud upon the deep blue sky, and the wind was blowing a light breeze from the northwest.

To look at the now comparatively placid surface of the lake, with its myriads of glistening wavelets, one could hardly believe that a few hours before it was tumbling about in great waves that thundered upon the shore. From the parapet the one-story house below looked exceedingly squat, as though it were only three or four feet high. Captain Coffin was probably pre-

naring supper himself, as the smoke was belching from the chimney at a great rate. To the eastward Bob saw Bald Cliff plainly outlined against the blue background. It projected out like a promontory from the shore line. It was a huge, jagged, perpendicular rock, sparsely covered with vegetation and an occasional stunted tree whose lack of leaves gave it a wintry aspect even in the summer. A narrow strip of beach ran around its base at low water and into the sheltered cove partly enclosed by its giant arms. It was a splendid place to bathe in, but visitors had to be careful to time their stay, for if caught by the incoming tide, which rose six or seven feet at that point, they stood a good chance of being drowned, for it would take an uncommonly strong swimmer to extricate himself from the force of the tide that ran into the cove, even when the water was smooth, and foothold upon the rocks was very precarious.

Bob found supper ready and waiting, and he brought his usual appetite to the table with him. After the meal was finished he washed the dishes and tidied up the room, while the captain indulged in a smoke until sunset, when he went up to the lantern, lit the lamp and started the carriage on its all-night tour. Bob stood the first five-hour watch which ended at midnight, when the captain relieved him for the balance of the night. After dinner next day Bob started for Rockport in the Polly. It took him about half an hour to fetch the private wharf fronting the Marr cottage, and he found Mabel and her brother waiting for him there.

"It's a splendid day for a sail, isn't it?" said the girl, as Bob handed her to a seat in the cockpit.

"First-class. There's a spanking breeze that'll take us across to the Point in less than thirty minutes," replied Bob.

Harry Marr sprang lightly aboard after his sister, and took his seat on the roof of the cabin, with his legs dangling in front of the door. Bob then shoved off, the Polly's nose swung around to E. by N., and she started off like a young colt.

"Do you want to go by the yacht?" asked the young boatman. "We'll lose six or seven minutes, but that doesn't cut much of a figure in the afternoon's outing."

Mabel and her brother both thought they'd like to see how the little steamer looked on the rocks, so Bob altered the boat's course to due north. The water was fairly smooth on the shoal that afternoon, and many of the sharp-pointed black rocks could be seen peeping above the surface. Bob remarked no change in the appearance of the yacht since the day before, and told his passengers so.

"What did your father say about getting her off," he asked Harry.

"He and the sailing-master were out looking at her this morning at low tide. The skipper said he thought it would be quite practicable to get her off, just as you said. So the governor is going to Marquette by the two o'clock train to see about having the job attended to right away."

"That's right," answered Bob. "You'll have many a sail on her before the season is over; but you never would have dreamed of such a thing at the time you abandoned her."

"I should say not. We all thought there wouldn't be a plank of her left in the morning as we listened to that howling gale."

Bob ran the sailboat as close to the little stranded steamer as he dared, and then let out his sheets and headed over for Gull Point, where the white shaft of the lighthouse glistened in the sunlight. It was about a ten minute run on that wind to the cove, and there Dave Wilton was found waiting for them. Bob introduced his friend to Mabel and her brother, and the whole party walked to the house, where the visitors were made acquainted with Captain Coffin. The captain greeted them in his customary breezy way, and congratulated them on their escape from the wreck of the yacht. While they were talking, a buggy drove up from the direction of the village, and out stepped the United States marshal, who had come over to Rockport by train a short time before, where he hired a rig to carry him out to the lighthouse. The captain told his story of the visit paid him by the ex-convicts, Murray Loper and Jerry Coombs, and their two companions, and what the rascals did to him. Bob then narrated his experiences in connection therewith, and explained how he had kept the lamp revolving all through the night. Mabel and her brother listened to his story with great attention, and not a little astonishment. It was news to them, for Bob had said nothing about the matter to them or their parents when he visited the cottage the previous afternoon. The marshal complimented Bob on his plucky conduct, and asked him if he could swear that Loper and Coombs were the ringleaders of the enterprise.

"I can," replied Bob, "for I saw their faces unmasked up in the little room under the lamp when Loper lighted his pipe."

"Do you think you could identify the other two chaps, also?" said the marshal.

"No. I believe the small man was Pierre Placide, keeper of the village tavern, for, if I remember rightly, Loper called him by the name of Pierre. In physique he certainly looked like Placide, but as I did not see his face, for he wore a canvas mask like the others, I couldn't swear that it was he. The other man was a stranger to me in every way. Loper called him Tom."

Captain Coffin couldn't identify any of the men. The best he could say was that, physically speaking, three of them looked like Loper, Coombs and Placide. Bob was clearly the only witness on whom the Government could really to prosecute the ex-convicts if they were arrested, and the marshal realized that he would have to scare up stronger evidence against the tavern-keeper in order to convict him also. He made inquiries about the location of the tavern where the rascals were supposed to be still stopping, and having secured all the information he could get at the lighthouse he started back for the village, where he intended to press the two constables of the place into his service.

CHAPTER X:—Caught in the Mouse-Trap.

"Why, Bob," said Mabel, when the four young people started for the lighthouse, "you never said a word to us about what you went through on your return here after landing us on our

wharf. I think you acted like a hero. I don't see how you ever could have turned that great light all night by yourself. You must show me how you did it when we get up in the lantern."

"I'll show you, and explain how the machinery connection was broken. It was a pretty tough job, notwithstanding that the carriage worked easily. It was all right the first hour, but after that my arms got so tired and numb that I hardly remember how I ever managed to keep the work up. I stuck to it because I knew how important it was to keep the red and white flashes alternating at regular intervals. It simply had to be done, and I did the very best I could to meet the emergency."

It was clear that Mabel's admiration for the plucky young lighthouse assistant was increased several hundred per cent. In her eyes he was a real hero, and deserved a niche in the temple of fame. After showing the visitors the oil room, Bob led the way up the winding iron stairway.

"I followed those rascals up here in the dark in my bare feet and they never suspected that that I was at their heels," said Bob to Mabel, who was behind him.

"How brave you were," she murmured, wondering how he ever had had the courage to do it.

"Here is the room under the lamp. This is the door I bolted against them after they went down, thinking that their wicked plan had succeeded. There is the oil-cabinet I hid behind while they were up in the lantern carrying out their project. It was not entirely dark here because some light shines through the trap when the lamp is going. Do you think you can climb that short iron ladder without help, Miss Mabel?" said Bob.

The girl looked at the ladder rather dubiously, but said she guessed she could accomplish the feat.

"You go up first, Dave," said Bob. "I'll follow, and then you can help your sister up if necessary, Harry."

In this order they ascended to the lantern. Bob explained the workings of the lamp, reflectors and prisms to Mabel and Harry, and they were very much interested in all he told them. He then showed them how the oil was pumped into the lamp by giving the crank a turn, whereupon up flowed the oil.

"Isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed Mabel.

"You see we wind up the machinery a number of times of a night," said Bob, "and the pumping takes care of itself."

"That's great," was Harry's comment.

"And these three wicks give the light the people see at night?" said Mabel.

"Yes, with the lens' help," answered Bob.

"Did you think it was a tar-barrel burning here?" laughed her brother.

"A tar-barrel!" she exclaimed. "How ridiculous! Of course I didn't. Harry wants to make out that I don't know anything," pouted Mabel.

"Now I'll show you how the lamp revolves," said Bob.

He pointed out the piece of steel that had been broken by the two rascals, and explained just how he had moved the carriage himself all night long.

"It is simply wonderful how you could keep that up," said Mabel.

"A person can do a whole lot sometimes when they are driven to it," said Bob.

"You are certainly a real hero, Bob Barker," she said earnestly. "You may have saved that mail steamer from going on the Camelsback reefs. That alone would be a service entitling you to the greatest honor, for they say she carries a large passenger list at this season of the year. If she had been wrecked it would have been a dreadful catastrophe."

Leaving the lamp room they stepped out on the parapet.

"My, how breezy it is here!" said Mabel, grasping the rail.

"If you could have stood up here the night before last in that gale, it would have blown every tooth down your throat, almost," remarked Bob, with a grin.

"I am very glad that I wasn't standing here, then," laughed Mabel. "What's that thing?" she added, pointing at an object screwed against the wall, with its big mouth directed toward the sea.

"Fog-bell," replied Bob. "When the mist lies thick over the lake we toll it."

"It must make cheerful music for people on the water."

"Better hear that than nothing," he answered.

Mabel felt as if she were away up in a cloud looking down upon the rippling waters. The view was far reaching, and she enjoyed it for several minutes.

"Yonder is Bald Cliff," said Bob, pointing at the rocky promontory which lay about three miles away. "If you've seen all you want up here we'll make a start for that place."

Accordingly the party left the top of the lighthouse and returned to terra firma. It took them about three-quarters of an hour to reach, by a gradually ascending path, a point at the back of Bald Cliff about half way to the summit. The balance of the ascent was over rough and uneven rocks and proved somewhat toilsome climbing. The view from the summit, however, repaid the trouble they had taken to reach it, and Mabel expressed herself as quite enchanted. About a quarter of a mile to the east, lining the shore of a little cove, was a fishing hamlet. As they gazed down at the boats swinging at their moorings, and the men mending their nets, they little thought that three of them at least would owe their lives to the fishermen before sunset. Seeing the little, almost land-locked cove at the foot of the cliff, Harry Marr proposed that they go down there and take a look in. Bob, perceiving that the tide was low, agreed to pilot them there by a path leading to the beach outside.

On reaching the beach all they had to do was to walk around into the western projection of the promontory into what the fishermen called the mouse-trap, which was the name they applied to the cove, owing, as we have before remarked, to the treacherous nature of the encroaching tide. Bob, of course, was fully aware of the dangers of the place, as was also Dave, but the tide being low then, both knew they had ample time before them in which to get out by the way they came. That very fact, however, operated against them, as it had operated against

others equally well informed. The tide had an insidious way of coming in that lulled suspicion, and one was trapped before he had an idea that the flow of water was half up. Bob mentioned the fact to Harry Marr and his sister, and both declared they would just look in and come out again. Had they carried out this resolve all had been well. But they didn't. There were many things in the cove that evicted the curiosity of the visitors, and Bob in explaining things to them forgot about the tide. There was a peculiar black rock in the place to which Bob casually remarked that a strange story was connected with.

"Do tell us the story," cried Mabel, with such sweet insistence that the boy could not resist her.

The substance of the story, which took him a full half hour to relate, was that one dark, squally night ten years before, a black, rakish vessel had anchored off that very cove. The strange craft excited the curiosity of a couple of fishermen who were in the neighborhood and they watched her. Soon they saw a boat put off from her, which was rowed shoreward and disappeared into the cove. The boat remained some time in the cove, which the fishermen thought to be a singular fact, considering that the cove led to no place. As the tide was up they could not pursue their investigations into the place, and by and by the boat returned to the vessel, which hoisted her sails and vanished into the darkness and mist of the lake.

"Shortly afterward a party of boys swimming in the cove began to amuse themselves playing leap-frog over this black rock," continued Bob. "Suddenly one of the boys astonished his companions by remarking that the stone had evidently been moved, as showed by sand marks around its edges. The curiosity of the boys being aroused, they got a number of stout poles, and at last succeeded in overturning the rock. Now what do you think they found?"

"I couldn't imagine," said Mabel, who was deeply interested in the story. "What did they find?"

"I know what they found," cried Harry, in a tone of excitement.

"Well, what did they find?" chuckled Bob.

"A pot of gold, which the crew of the rakish vessel had buried under the stone that night."

"No," replied Bob, shaking his head solemnly, "you're wrong. They didn't find a pot of gold, but they found something that showed them that a pot or kettle or bags of money had been buried there."

"What was it?" asked Harry.

"A hole, with a \$20 gold piece lying at the bottom of it. The men who came to the cove that night had not gone there to bury money, but to recover some that they had learned was buried there."

"I'll bet the fishermen of the neighborhood kicked themselves pretty hard because they had never thought of looking under that black stone themselves," laughed Harry.

"I never heard whether they did or not, but I shouldn't be surprised if they did. I should feel pretty sore myself if I played around a stone a hundred or more times and then learned that some more lucky fellow than myself had pushed

it over one day and found a pile of banknotes under it."

"Yes, I guess you would. So would I," said Harry.

When the story was ended Mabel saw a solitary wild flower growing out of a rocky crevice a short distance up the cliff.

"Oh, my, what a beautiful flower! I wish I had it," she said.

The wish was no sooner uttered than Bob was after it. He was only too eager to do any favor for such a lovely girl as Mabel Marr. She had treated him so nicely, too, since he had made her acquaintance that he felt nothing was too good for her. The rest of the party, with their backs to the entrance of the cove, watched him make the ascent to the spot where the single flower grew. Finally he secured it, brought it down and presented it to her.

"Aren't you ever so good, Bob," she said, favoring him with a glance that made his heart beat quicker than usual.

Thus in one way or another the party spent considerably more than an hour in the "Mouse-trap," quite unconscious that the tide was silently creeping in on them. It gradually encroached upon the narrow strip of beach and finally covered it entirely. It rose softly about the rocks, enlarging the pool in the cove. At last it reached its fatal point where it assumed the character of a kind of millrace just at the mouth of the cove. Then it was that Bob suddenly noticed the large amount of water in the place. He rushed to the mouth of the cove and stopped aghast.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" asked Harry.

"The matter is," replied Bob, with a troubled look, for he was thinking not of himself, but of Mabel, "the tide has stolen in on us, and we are now hemmed in by the water without any means of escape."

CHAPTER XI.—Bob's Wonderful Climb.

His words carried the greatest consternation to the party. Hemmed in without any means of escape had an ominous meaning.

"Do you mean to say that we can't get out of this cove?" asked Harry, in dismay.

"I mean that we're caught in the mouse-trap for fair," replied Bob.

As Bob had already told Mabel and her brother that many persons had been at odd times caught and drowned in that same mouse-trap, the prospect was not reassuring.

"What are we going to do, then?" asked Harry, while Mabel's eyes filled with terror and she looked entreatingly at Bob, as if she believed he was her only hope.

"I'll have to try and swim the race, go to the fishing hamlet and get them to take you people off in a boat," said Bob, resolutely.

Bob took off his shoes and stockings, hat and jacket and placed them on top of the black rock.

"If I can weather the point I'll be back in half an hour with a boat. By that time the cove will be full of water, and you'll have to cling around on the rocks as best you can."

"How high does the water rise in the cove?" asked Harry.

"About seven feet altogether."

"My gracious! And there does not seem to be any projection on which we can stand except the black rock, and that will barely hold my sister."

Bob walked to the entrance of the cove, where the water was pouring in now like a small flood, while a portion of it was sucked back by the undertow, and plunged in. The others watched his vigorous efforts to stem the passage. At first he succeeded in advancing little by little through the narrow entrance. When half way in, a bigger wave than usual swept him back into the cove, and effectually defeated his first attempt to get outside. He tried a second and third time, with like result, and then had to give up quite exhausted.

"I'm afraid it's no go," he said, weakly. "I can't get through there. We are trapped good and hard."

"Oh, what shall we do?" exclaimed Mabel, who was trembling with fright.

Dave climbed up with some difficulty as far as the place where Bob had plucked the flower, but he soon saw that he could not maintain a hold there very long, so he had to slip down again. Even the top of the black rock would eventually be covered with five feet of water, and it offered a very precarious foothold for only one person. The silence of despair rested on the faces of all but Bob. He was trying to think of some other way out of their dilemma. As if fate wished to mock at any human being caught in the trap, there was a nice, wide and comfortable-looking shelf of rock cut out of the face of the cliff twelve feet above; but it was utterly impossible for a person to reach it without a ladder or a pole, as the approach to it was a straight wall as smooth as glass. Suddenly Bob sprang to his feet, his eyes fired with a new resolution.

"There is only one chance for our lives," he said.

"What is that?" asked Harry Marr, eagerly.

"I must try and climb to the top of the cliff. If I fail it will be all up with us."

"Do you think you can do it?" asked Dave, anxiously.

"I don't know. Looks rather doubtful and decidedly dangerous, but it's a chance and as such I must work it for what it is worth."

It was certainly a terrible undertaking, and required nerves of steel and a stout heart to attempt, for a single false step, a crumbling stone, would fling the daring climber headlong upon the rocks below. Bob, however, was nerved by the same spirit that actuated him when he stood all night long in the lantern of the lighthouse revolving the lamp with his hands that the light might flash out correctly upon the storm-tossed waters of the lake. If it was possible to climb Bald Cliff from the lake side, a feat that had never yet been attempted, much less accomplished, he was going to do it. Three lives at least depended on his success, and after bidding his companions to take courage, and do everything they could to keep their heads above the water level as the cove filled up, he started on his perilous journey. He used his big jack-knife to dig out interstices between the rocks as he slowly advanced upward, and he grabbed

at every stout shrub or short tree that he encountered to sustain a portion of his weight, never trusting entirely to one thing if he could by any chance avoid it. Higher and higher he climbed, never casting a glance beneath him to ascertain how far he had gone, sometimes clinging with cat-like tenacity to slippery places, and again cutting holes for his hands and feet.

Those left below watched his progress with breathless interest and intense anxiety. Sometimes his progress was so slow that he looked like a huge fly sunning himself against the bare face of the rock. Whether he got on slow or fast his upward journey was steady.

"He'll succeed," exclaimed Harry, excitedly. "A fellow who will attempt such a fearful climb is bound to come out ahead, unless——"

The words died away in his throat, for at that moment Bob lost his foothold, owing to the slipping of a small rock on which he had placed his weight. Fortunately at the moment he had hold of the roots of a stout shrub, for, after dropping a foot, he hung suspended in air by one arm alone. Mabel uttered a cry and covered her face with her hands, for she expected that the brave boy would come tumbling down to his death. Bob dug the blade of his knife into a crevice and held on till he secured another foothold with his toes. He had had a narrow escape, and the cold perspiration oozed out on his forehead. He soon recovered himself and went on. Finally he suddenly disappeared from the sight of his friends below. He had entered an indentation in the cliff at a height of eighty feet from the beach and was now safe, for the rest of his climb was over rocks that offered a good foothold, and he no longer was in danger of a fatal tumble. In a short time Bob emerged on top of the promontory, whence he could see the fishing colony a short distance away. He started for it in his stocking feet as fast as he could go.

Time was precious with those left below in the mouse-trap. Mabel was standing on the black rock, supported on either side by her brother and Dave Wilton, the water already up to their knees and steadily rising higher. It took Bob nearly twenty minutes to reach the cove where the fishermen's dwellings were. In his damp and bedraggled appearance he was received in great surprise. But when he hastily explained that a girl and two boys were caught in the mouse-trap by the tide, and that he himself escaped only by climbing the bald face of the cliff, there was bustle and excitement to burn. Nearly all his listeners received the statement of his perilous climb with some incredulity, for the feat was deemed well nigh impossible. But as he was a living exhibit of the bold act, they had to believe him.

A boat was hastily manned by the fishermen and put off with Bob in it. With strong and lusty strokes they soon covered the short distance between the big cove and the mouse-trap. The tide was boiling in at the entrance, and the water almost up to the necks of the two boys inside while it lapped Mabel's waist when the boat shot in at the mouth of the little cove.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dave and Harry together, fairly overcome with joy, for they had almost given up hope during the weary minutes that intervened from the time they lost sight of the

climbing Bob. Mabel was lifted into the boat and promptly fainted in Bob's arms. Dave and Harry were then pulled aboard. The boat was turned around and pulled out into the lake.

"You chaps had the escape of your lives," said one of the fishermen, as the boat was stopped opposite the entrance to the mouse-trap and the fishermen gazed up at the bare face of the rock surmounted by Bob. "I don't see how you ever got up to the top of that rock," he added, turning to the courageous young lighthouse boy. "It has never been done before to my knowledge, and I've lived 'round here for twenty years. I never believed that it could be done by a human being. You are a hero, young man. You saved not only your own life, but the lives of your companions as well. Fifteen minutes more and the water would have been over the heads of you two boys, and it is doubtful if the girl could have remained on that rock until the tide subsided hours from now even on this calm day."

The men resumed their oars and soon had the rescued ones ashore at the cove, where several of the women immediately took charge of Mabel.

The boys were taken into one of the houses where they were told to strip, and each given a hot whisky to warm their blood, though Bob stood in little need of such a precaution. About dark their clothes were fit to put on, and the four were treated to a good warm supper, after which they were carried to Gull Point in a fishing sloop. Here Dave parted from them, leaving to Bob the cheerful duty of returning his new friends to their home in Rockport.

On the way over both Mabel and her brother had nothing but praise for Bob.

"This is twice you've saved our lives, Bob," said Mabel. "You're the finest boy in all the world, and I shall love you next to Harry as long as I live."

"You don't suppose I could desert you, do you, after inviting you over, and then practically leading you into the danger from which you so narrowly escaped? It is my fault that you were caught in the mouse-trap, and it was up to me to save you."

"How was it your fault?" asked the girl, in surprise.

"Because I am familiar with the peril of the place, and should not have allowed you to stay there so long. It was that story of the black rock that took my attention off. It took some time to tell it, and all the while the tide was rising fast about us. So you see that I am largely to blame for what you went through, and I hope you will forgive me for it."

"There is nothing to forgive, Bob," Mabel answered. "I persuaded you to tell the story, and you are not to blame in the least for our trouble. Even if you were; that marvelous climb up the rock would have made it all right, twice over, I think you are the bravest boy who ever lived, and I consider it an honor to know you."

When the boat reached the private wharf brother and sister made Bob go to the cottage with them. He couldn't get out of it. When Mr. and Mrs. Marr heard the story of their adventure that afternoon they were greatly disturbed at the thought of the narrow escape their children had. Mabel and Harry both said most positively that they owed their lives to Bob's wonderful

nerve, and so the banker and his wife were profuse in their grateful appreciation of his conduct.

"This is the second obligation you've put us under to you, Bob, and it will not be possible for you to escape the substantial recognition I mean to bestow on you for your gallant and disinterested services to my family as well as to myself."

After a short stay, Mabel and Harry accompanied Bob back to the wharf and took an almost affectionate leave of him, and he sailed back to Gull Point feeling happier than ever before in his life.

CHAPTER XII.—A Diabolical Plan of Revenge.

Next morning a Government boat was at Whitefish Shoal investigating the absence of the big buoy. It was found that the buoy had sunk at its moorings. It was raised and a hole found in its hollow side. In some way one of the steel cables had worked loose, the buoy had swung around and struck the razor edge of a pointed rock. The rock pierced the heavy shell, the buoy filled and sank. It was repaired and replaced in its old position. The inspector of the district came over on the repair tug, and while the men were engaged at their work he was rowed to the lighthouse, where he looked into the matter of the tampering of the light reported by Captain Coffin. He heard the keeper's story, also Bob's, and he highly complimented the boy for his splendid conduct in outwitting the rascals and keeping the light revolving through the stormy night. He assured Bob that his services would be properly represented to the Lighthouse Board, and he had no doubt that in due time he would receive some recognition from the department at Washington.

"What has been done toward capturing the rascals?" he asked.

Captain Coffin said he had sent for the marshal of the district, and that that official had taken the matter in hand.

"You haven't heard whether the men have been arrested or not?" said the inspector.

"No. I'm afraid they have not. At any rate, I haven't heard from the marshal since he was here yesterday afternoon, and then departed for the village, where the scamps are supposed to be hanging out at the tavern kept by Pierre Placide."

That afternoon Bob went over to the Wilton farm to call on Dave.

"He's somewhere out in the woods practicing with that rifle of his," Dave's father told Bob. "He's got a target set up and he told me he can hit the bull's-eye at fifty yards four times out of six."

"That's doing pretty well," replied Bob. "I dare say I'll find him, all right."

The lighthouse boy started for the woods, and he soon heard the sharp crack of Dave's rifle in the distance. He was close to the spot where the shooting was going on when suddenly two men, whose faces were concealed by canvas masks, rose right out of the underbrush near at hand and confronted him. One of them had Cap-

tain Coffin's revolver in his hand. Bob recognized them at once as Murray Loper and Jerry Coombs, notwithstanding that he couldn't see their faces.

"We've caught you at last, have we, you young monkey?" said Loper, covering Bob with the weapon. "Don't you dare utter a squeal or I'll drill half a dozen holes through your body."

"What's the matter with you chaps?" demanded Bob. "Why have you got those masks on, and what do you want with me?"

"You'll soon find out what we want with you, and it's none of your business why we're wearing the masks. It may be because the sun hurts our eyes," he added, with an ugly laugh.

"I don't want anything to do with you," replied Bob, moving backward.

"Stop where you are, you little imp!" roared Loper. "If you don't you'll get hurt, mind what I say! Catch hold of him, Jerry. If he tries to get away I'll plug him in short order."

"You wouldn't dare shoot me. You'd bring Dave Wilton down on you with his rifle, and then where would you be?"

"Shut up, you young whippersnapper!" roared Loper. "What do we care for Dave Wilton. I'd plug him, too, if he put in his oar."

"Keep off!" cried Bob, as Jerry essayed to reach him.

Both rascals flung themselves upon him and bore him to the ground.

"Help, Dave, help!" shouted Bob.

Jerry Coombs fetched the boy a blow in the head with his huge fist that dazed him, and he was able to make no further resistance while the rascals bound his hands behind his back and gagged him with his own pocket handkerchief.

Then they raised him between them and hurried away into the woods as fast as they could go, burdened as they were. Dave, while putting a fresh cartridge into his rifle, heard Bob's cry for help.

"That's Bob's voice," he ejaculated, pausing to listen. "I wonder what's the trouble?"

"I'll bet it was those rascals, Loper and Coombs, who attacked Bob. They have reason to be down on him because he queered their scheme at the lighthouse the other night. They've been hiding in these woods, for a dollar bill. That's easy to understand because the United States marshal has failed to find them in the village, and it was supposed that they had decamped for parts unknown. They've carried Bob off to their hiding place, meaning to get square with him at their leisure. Well, I guess it's up to me to follow and rescue him. He'd do the same for me. Anyway, he saved my life yesterday afternoon, along with Harry Marr and his sister, by climbing Bald Cliff at the risk of his own life. I can't do less for him, than to save him now from the vindictive intentions of those two rascals. I'm glad I've got my rifle. I think I can make it pretty interesting for those chaps if I come up with them. It would be a feather in my cap if I could capture them besides releasing Bob from their clutches. I'm going to try, at any rate."

Thus speaking, Dave shouldered his weapon and began to follow the footsteps. In the meantime Bob was carried through the woods at a rapid pace. He soon came to his senses and began to struggle. Finding that their prisoner

was becoming troublesome they came to a stop and Loper drew his revolver. Reversing it, he shook the heavy butt in Bob's face.

"If you don't keep quiet I'll make a dent in your skull, you young imp, d'ye understand?"

The ruffian's tones and manner showed that he meant business, and the boy subsided, believing that prudence was the better part of valor under the circumstances. Seeing that Bob appeared to take the hint they picked him up again and resumed their way.

Finally they reached a small hut that stood in the wood within a short distance of the tracks of the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railroad, which passed through Rockport and Marquette. Here they deposited Bob in a corner as they might have done with a sack of potatoes, and proceeded to hold a consultation regarding his fate. Bob could use his eyes if he couldn't his mouth, and he saw indications of occupancy of the hut on the part of the rascals. Naturally he listened to the conversation of his captors. The plans they discussed, of which he was to be the victim of the most feasible began to alarm the boy greatly. It looked as if their purpose was to secure his death, though what good that would do them he could not see. Clearly they had a strong grudge against him which they were figuring on wiping out in the most effective way.

"I'll tell you what we'll do with him," said Loper, suddenly, as if an idea had occurred to him. "Blame me if it isn't an original scheme."

"Let's hear what it is," said Coombs, refilling and lighting his pipe.

"We'll take him down to the railroad track and harness him to the rails."

"You mean tie him down to the track?" said Coombs.

"No. I don't mean no such thing. That's stale. This idea of mine is somethin' new. You know how a horse is hitched to the shafts of a wagon, don't you?"

"Sure, I do."

"Well, we'll hitch this here kiddie to the rails in the same way."

"I don't quite see how——"

"Oho, you're dense as mud. Do you see that leather collar hangin' on the wall with the two ropes attached to it?"

"Yes. I see it."

"We'll put that around his neck, stand him in the center of the track and tie one of the lines to each rail, allowing him plenty of slack to tug at. We'll do the job close to the mouth of the tunnel, say about thirty yards, so when the engine comes out of the hole the engineer won't more than see him before the locomotive will be on top of him, crushing the life out of him. The fun of the thing will be to see the exertions the kid will make to get away from the engine when he sees it coming at him out of the tunnel. It will be as good as a show, blame me if it won't," and the scoundrel haw-hawed loudly over the picture his mind's eye conjured up.

Coombs saw the point and laughed, too. The plan, to Bob's horror, was adopted by acclamation. The leather collar was taken from the wall, examined critically and finally secured around his neck.

"Well, young fellow, you put a spoke in our wheel the other night, but we'll put a bigger one

in yours pretty soon. You heard what we said about harnessin' you to the railroad track. We're goin' to do it in about ten minutes, for there's a freight train due this way inside of twenty minutes, and we'll see whether you'll be able to pull up the rails and get away when it comes out of that tunnel. Haw, haw, haw!"

Coombs grinned malevolently, too, as if the whole matter was a delightful joke.

"I'm thinkin' there won't be enough left of you to make a respectable funeral after the cow-catcher hits yer," said Loper, with a chuckle. "This is what you're up against for buttin' into our business, and sp'ilin' our revenge ag'in Cap'n Coffin."

"We swore to git square with you, and we're going to do it now," interjected Coombs. "If we hadn't caught you to-day we'd have got you later on. And we'll fix the cap'n, too, before we leave these parts for good."

"Young fools are wuss than old ones," said Loper. "They don't always git what's comin' to 'em, but you will, as a sort of exception to the rule."

"Time that we made a start, ain't it?" said Coombs. "We don't want to miss that freight. There ain't no danger of any one seein' us, as it's lonesome in this here neighborhood."

"Well, grab him by the head ag'in and I'll take his legs. It won't take more'n three or four minutes to get him there, and less'n that to tie him to the rails."

The men got on their feet, grabbed Bob between them with as little ceremony as before and started with him for the mouth of the nearby railroad tunnel.

CHAPTER XIII.—Saved in the Nick of Time.

It took them about five minutes to reach the tracks of the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railroad near the mouth of the tunnel which penetrated a hill at that point. When Bob saw that the rascals meant business he became desperate, but he was helpless in their hands. While Jerry Coombs, by Loper's directions, held him struggling in the middle of the track, Loper secured the end of one of the lines to the right rail, and then made the other one fast to the left rail, allowing just slack enough to prevent the boy from stepping across either rail.

"Now, you young monkey, we've got you where we want you. The train will be here in about five minutes, so you'd better begin to say your prayers if you know how," said Loper, with a grin of satisfaction.

Bob turned around and gazed fearsomely at the dark mouth of the tunnel whence the train was expected. He couldn't see many yards into it for two reasons—because the tunnel was as dark as night inside and because the track made a curve at that point. The rascals stood near him and gloated over their victim. They had not the slightest compunction for the terrible crime they were committing. It was murder pure and simple, but that fact didn't seem to worry them any. Presently the whistle of the freight came to their ears as it passed a crossing at the other end of the tunnel.

"Now, you young imp, you've got less than two

minutes to live," said Loper. "There isn't the particle of chance of you escapin' now, so we'll let you yell out if that will do you any good."

With those words Loper tore the gag from his mouth, and the two rascals retired behind a boulder at the lower side of the track where they could see the locomotive do its horrid work, and whence they could immediately escape to the woods while the train was being stopped. Bob took advantage of his power of speech to cry frantically for help.

This was no discredit to his natural pluck. All the bravery in the world wouldn't help him out of his present desperate strait. If he were to escape at all it must be through the intervention of somebody else. There was small chance of that, both because the place was very lonesome, and because the train would be on him in less than two minutes. The two ruffians jeered at him as he shouted at the top of his voice.

"Yell for all you're worth, you young monkey, it won't do you no good," laughed Loper. "Your doom is sealed, and you'll jine the angels in about a minute and a half."

Bob's shouts, however, were not uttered in vain. Dave Wilton, who was hunting for some trace of him, heard them and hastened in the direction whence they proceeded he thought that the two ruffians were torturing their prisoner in some way, and, as he hurried along, he vowed to make things hot for them. He wasn't exactly prepared for the sight that actually met his eyes when he cautiously peered out on the railroad track from the security of a line of bushes facing the boulder behind which Coombs and Loper were partially hidden. He stood spellbound with horror as he realized the fate prepared for Bob by the conscienceless villains.

"The dern skunks!" he gritted. "So they mean to have Bob run over by the afternoon freight, do they? I reckon I'll have something to say about that. I'll just lay that chap with the revolver out to begin with, and then I'll settle the other chap's hash if he waits long enough for me to put another cartridge in my gun."

He was about to draw a bead on the first rascal when he heard the rumble of the freight in the tunnel. Bob heard the ominous sound, too, and he sprang forward in a desperate, but futile, effort to break the bonds that held him in the center of the track. The ruffians laughed with fiendish exultation. Dave's heart almost stopped beating, for he realized that the fate of his friend would be settled in a few minutes. As the rumble of the long freight grew louder, as it swung along at about a ten-mile clip, a thought flashed through Dave's mind. It was one chance almost in a million of saving Bob's life, but it was a chance. If he was able to plug a bull's-eye at fifty yards four times out of six, perhaps he could hit and sever that thin, but strong, line at ten yards.

Bob's struggles to escape held both line as taut as iron bars and offered a fair mark for Dave's trained eye. Instantly he raised the rifle to his shoulder and took careful aim. The roar and rumble of the train grew louder every moment. A few seconds, as matters stood, was the span of the young lighthouse lad's life. The ruffians gazed at their victim with glaring eyes.

No power on earth could save him now, they figured, but they were wrong.

As the locomotive issued from the tunnel Bob tugged frantically at the ropes holding him to the rails.

Crack! A rifle shot rang out. The line attached to the left rail parted and the boy swung around off the track. In another moment the locomotive, pulling its long line of freight cars, shot by, cutting off the other line at the rail. Dave Wilton's eagle eye had saved Bob in the nick of time with hardly a second to spare. Bob rolled over on the ground as the cars rumbled by. The ruffians on the other side had a fleeting view of the boy's escape and they were furious. If Murray Loper could have reached him he would have finished the job with a bullet from his revolver. But neither he nor his companion could cross the track until the long train had gone by, and while the cars were passing, Dave Wilton rushed over to where Bob lay struggling on the ground, cut his arms loose, and hurried his dazed friend away from the scene as fast as they could go. So, when the last car had passed, and the rascals rushed on the track, all that remained for them to see was the fragments of one of the lines which had held their late prisoner to the track, and the pieces of rope by which the boy's arms had been bound. The boy himself was gone—escaped scot free! Perhaps they were not furious! The language they used was hot enough to burn up the bushes in their immediate vicinity. They could not understand how Bob had escaped the dreadful fate they had arranged for him. They had heard the rifle shot, it is true, but could not associate that with the parting of the line.

"The knot you made on the rail must have slipped at the last moment" growled Coombs. "You were not careful enough to see that it was secure. His struggles caused it to give just when he should have been struck by the cow-catcher, and so he had got the best of us again. We'll have to skip as fast as we can, for he'll have the neighborhood scoured for us inside of an hour or so. We'll have to get our traps from the hut and chance discovery in the daylight."

"He'll never be able to identify us," snarled Loper, tearing the mask from his face and casting it away. "He did not see our faces."

"He will be able to swear to our general make-up," returned Coombs, getting rid of his mask, "and circumstances will be against us."

They argued the matter all the way back to the hut, and finally it was agreed to hide somewhere in the woods till night fell and then try to escape out of the county. And this plan they proceeded to carry out.

CHAPTER XIV.—Bob Finds Himself in a Tight Box.

Dave hurried Bob along out of sight of the railroad.

"You had the narrowest escape for your life any one ever had or ever will have," he said to his dazed companion. "It's a good thing for you that I'm a deadshot. It was the finest shot I ever made, and I ought to get a gold medal for it. It saved your life, old man, and I never was so tickled over anything as I am over it. Wake up, and say something. We're at a safe distance

now. I'm going to stop and put another cartridge in my gun. I'd like to put the ball through the heads of both those villains, and send them to a warmer climate than northern Michigan."

"Am I really alive?" gasped Bob, looking at his friend.

"I should say you are, and very much alive, too."

"Lord, what an escape I had! I shudder when I think of it. How ever did you save me?"

"Haven't I just been telling you that I cut one of the lines that held you with a rifle ball?"

"Did you actually do that?" asked Bob, incredulously.

"I actually did." How else could you have been saved with the locomotive on top of you?"

"Gracious! I don't see how you ever did it."

"I did it, all right. I'm a shooter from Shooterville, and don't you forget it," grinned Dave.

"I should say you are. I don't think you could do it twice in succession, though."

"I wouldn't like to bank a man's life on it. I've been practicing pretty steadily for some time. The height of my ambition just now is to make a clean score of bull's-eyes at fifty yards—that is, six out of six shots. The best I've been able to do so far is four, but I'll get there yet, bet your life."

"Well, Dave, I'm under everlasting obligations to you. I sha'n't forget what I owe you as long as I live."

"I don't believe you will, old man. I should n't, if I was in your shoes."

"Shake hands, Dave."

"There you are. Now we're square."

"Square? What do you mean?"

"You saved my life yesterday afternoon, and I saved yours this afternoon. So, we're even up. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"I suppose so," admitted Bob, "but I'm awfully grateful to you, just the same."

The boys started for the village without delay. They found the head constable at his house talking to the United States marshal, who had just returned with the under constable after an unsuccessful hunt after the two rascals. Bob told his story just as he had repeated it to Dave, and the marshal and constable were greatly astonished.

"We'll start for the woods at once," said the marshal. "You and your assistant will go along, of course."

"And we'll go with you, too," said Dave. "Bob, after what he's gone through at their hands, wishes to be in at the death. Got a spare shooter for my friend?" to the constable.

"I guess I can scare one up," replied the constable.

He went into his house and presently returned with a revolver, which he handed to Bob.

"The five of us ought to be able to rout those chaps out of the woods if they are there," remarked the marshal.

"I hope so," replied the head constable.

Arrangements were soon made and the party started out determined to make a thorough job of their man-hunt. It was nearly five o'clock when they entered the woods some distance apart. Whoever first caught a sight of the quarry was to announce the fact by discharging his weapon, and then the others would close in as fast as

they could. Bob and Dave arranged to keep in sight of each other as much as possible. They aimed for the hut, the location of which was familiar to Wilton. When they reached it they came together and made a search of it.

The rascals, however, were not there. The woods was thoroughly searched by the boys and the officers, but nothing came of it, and when darkness fell upon the landscape they gave up the task as a fruitless one. Bob went back to the lighthouse and found supper waiting for him. He surprised Captain Coffin with the story of his afternoon's adventure. The captain was not only surprised, but quite upset by the malignant way the two villains had treated the boy. It showed that they were utterly hardened, and would stop at nothing to accomplish their purpose. After washing the dishes and putting all things to rights in the house, Bob, as usual, got the key from the captain and started for the lighthouse. As he unlocked the door it occurred to him that his jack-knife was aboard the sailboat, and that it needed honing after the strenuous use to which he had subjected it while climbing Bald Cliff. He had a good chance to fix it up during his night watch in the lantern.

"It won't take me but a minute or two to get it," he said to himself.

So, leaving the key in the lock, he went down to the little cove, stepped into the skiff and pushed off. It took Bob more than a minute or two to find his knife. He had left it on top of one of the lockers, and the motion of the boat had caused it to slip into a crevice between the locker and the side of the boat. It took him a good fifteen minutes, with the aid of matchlight, to fish it out of its hiding place. However, he got it at last and was about to leave the cabin, when the boat suddenly tilted to one side, sending him staggering against one of the lockers.

"What the dickens caused that?" he asked himself, as he regained his balance. The answer came to him from the cockpit. A man was scrambling into the boat, and a second man followed. Both were naked and dripping. Clearly they had waded off from the shore, carrying their clothes above their heads, for no sooner had they got aboard than they hastened to dress themselves.

Bob, in no little surprise, peered out of the cabin door at the interlopers. Although there was no moon, the stars made the night sufficiently bright for Bob to recognize the intruders. They were Murray Loper and Jerry Coombs. After what had happened that afternoon Bob naturally had no wish for another encounter with the two rascals. He was afraid, however, that he would have no say in the matter. Even if they had no suspicion that he was aboard, the moment they entered the little cabin they were bound to discover him, and he hated to think what might happen if they got him in their clutches again. He kept very quiet and watched them put on their clothes. He judged that their object was to steal a boat and escape down the shore in her. He knew that Coombs was familiar with boats, having been a fisherman for many years before he took to evil courses. As soon as the ruffians had gotten into their clothes they proceeded to hoist the mainsail. Then they let the stiff float ashore, unshipped the painter that

held the sailboat to her moorings, and ran her out into the lake. Instead of pointing her head east or west along the shore, they laid their course in toward Rockport. There seemed to be no immediate danger that either of the rascals would enter the cabin, and that gave Bob a chance to consider how he should meet them if they did. Listening to their conversation he soon discovered that the men had an enterprise in hand that they expected to put through before leaving that neighborhood for good. It was nothing more nor less than the burglary of the Marr cottage, which was the only house occupied in the summer residential district, and being a full mile from Rockport proper, offered a tempting opportunity for them to make a good haul. They decided that two o'clock in the morning would be the proper time for them to visit the cottage, and as it was only a little after eight now, they proposed to put in at a small and lonesome creek alongshore, and lie low here till about half-past one.

Although Bob was in a rather critical position, nevertheless he was rather glad that circumstances had placed him in a situation to learn the plans of the rascals. While he was making his plans to meet any emergency, the boat was worked into the little creek, the sail was lowered and the villains stretched themselves out on the seats that partly encircled the cockpit to pass the next few hours in as comfortable a way as possible.

CHAPTER XV.—The Boy Who Won Success.

Time passed pretty slowly to Bob in the seclusion of the cabin. He could see the men plainly enough where they lounged on the seats, and they couldn't make a move without his detecting it. He heard about all they said to each other. Their plan was to make for Sault Ste. Marie in the sailboat, after robbing the Marr cottage, cross the strait and take the Canadian Railroad eastward. Bob decided that it was up to him to put a spoke in their arrangements, both with respect to the contemplated robbery and their escape from Michigan. At length he heard Loper say that he was going into the cabin to lie down.

"You keep watch for a couple of hours, Jerry, then call me and I'll give you a chance to turn in," he said.

"I guess I'm up against it now," breathed Bob. "If he should strike a match to look around in here I'll be seen, sure, for there is no place to hide, except behind the mast, and that wouldn't conceal half of me. If he doesn't light up I may escape detection by keeping as quiet as a mouse."

He drew back from the door and squeezed himself into as small a compass as possible behind the mast. Loper presently entered the cabin, felt his way to one of the lockers, and threw himself on it without taking the trouble to strike a light, much to Bob's relief. In a short time his deep breathing showed that he was asleep. Bob listened to him for a while and then a daring idea occurred to him. Loper was the man who possessed Captain Coffin's revolver. No doubt it was in one of his hip pockets. He figured that it would be uncomfortable for the rascal to lie

on the same side with the weapon. If he lay on the other side it might not be difficult for Bob to get it out of his pocket, provided he was not a light sleeper. Bob glanced out into the cockpit and saw that Jerry Coombs was lolling against the tiller smoking. Cautiously he glided toward the locker on which Loper was snoring. The man was lying on his side, with his face turned toward the side of the boat. Bob felt cautiously for his exposed hip pocket. His heart gave a thump as he felt the butt of the weapon protruding from the pocket. He grasped it slowly and then began to draw it out. It came easily enough but the boy took his time, fearful of awakening the villain. At length he had it in his hand. Now he felt equal to both men and he sat down on the opposite locker and began to consider what he should do next. He might rush out and try to drive Coombs into the cabin at the point of the revolver. The difficulty of this was that Loper would be awakened and he would have both men to reckon with, and it seemed almost certain that he would be compelled to shoot one or both of them for his own protection. The idea of shedding human blood was repugnant to Bob, though he would not have hesitated to do it if matters came to a pinch. His object was to avoid the pinch if he could. He turned the case over and over in his mind, but couldn't find a solution to the problem. In this way an hour passed, and finally when he looked out at Coombs he saw that he seemed to be dozing. He waited another fifteen minutes, then a snore from the man outside convinced Bob that he was sound asleep at his post.

"Now is the chance for me to creep out of the cabin," thought the boy. "But where could I conceal myself out there?"

He thrust his head and saw that the sail had been lowered in such a way that it hung a couple of feet from the boom, which was swung at an angle of about thirty degrees to starboard.

"I might get on the cabin and crawl behind it. There I could perhaps remain unnoticed. When Coombs went into the cabin to awaken Loper I could shut the door upon him, snap the key in the lock, and then I'd have them both caged. After that I would hoist the sail and head in for Rockport. Once there I could arouse some one along the waterfront with a shot from the revolver, send him for the police, and the birds would be safely jailed. It's a splendid plan, if it only would work out as I have figured it. Well, faint heart never accomplished anything yet. Here's a chance for me to distinguish myself again, and I'm going to take the chances. If it misses fire, why, I'll have to cower the rascals with my gun, or if they won't be cowed, shoot them, in the leg, say. That will put them out of business."

Having decided to get busy, Bob left the cabin cautiously, crawled on to the roof of the cabin and hid himself at full length behind the sail. He pulled the canvas over his body as well as he could and then awaited further developments. It was an hour before Jerry Coombs stirred, but it seemed like three to Bob. The rascal got up, moved around the cockpit stretching his limbs and then sat down again and took a smoke. After the lapse of twenty minutes he walked to the cabin door and entered. Bob sprang up,

leaned down, shut the door and turned the key.

By the time he jumped down into the cockpit and started to hoist the sail there was a rumpus in the cabin. Jerry, having awakened to the fact that something was decidedly wrong, was trying to open the door. He might have saved himself the trouble, for it wasn't possible for him to do it. Loper, awakened by the racket, joined his pal, and when he understood the situation there was swearing to beat the band. Hard words break no bones, and so Bob paid no attention to them and kept on getting the sail up. The rascals heard the creaking of the pulleys and they readily surmised what was going on outside. They attacked the door with their fists and boots, but it was a stout door and therefore they made little impression on it. By this time Bob had the sailboat headed out of the creek, and in a few moments her bows were pointed at the lights of Rockport. All kinds of stunts were indulged in by the rascals in the cabin during the rapid trip to town, but they availed them nothing. When Bob ran the Polly up alongside the principal wharf, he saw two loungers on a stringer and he called them over. Hastily explaining the situation, he sent one of them for the police. Three officers responded, the cabin door was unlocked and after a struggle the two scoundrels were subdued, hand-cuffed and conveyed to jail.

In due time two indictments were brought against them, and they were tried on the chief one—their attempt to deliberately murder Bob on the railroad. With the help of Dave's evidence they were easily convicted and they got twenty years in State prison. The other indictment—the lighthouse affair—was allowed to hang over their heads, and on this they will eventually be tried and convicted if they survive their present term. Bob was the hero of the hour. His rescue of the Marr family from the wrecked yacht, and Mabel from a watery grave; his heroic work at the lighthouse on the night of the gale; his daring climb of Bald Cliff; his narrow escape from death on the railroad track, and last his capture of Murray Loper and Jerry Coombs unassisted, were all printed in the Rockport papers and copied not only by most of the Michigan papers, but by the chief dailies of the country and Canada. He received two gold medals from the Marquette Humane Society, and a suitable recognition from the Treasury Department at Washington. The town of Rockport also voted him \$1,000 in gold. He received a magnificent watch and other presents from the members of the Marr family, and in the fall accepted a situation in the Detroit bank of which Maxwell Marr was president. He became a regular visitor at the Marr home in Detroit, and it was soon patent that he had the inside track of all Mabel's male acquaintances. Bob is now receiving teller at the bank, with every prospect of eventually becoming cashier of the institution. He has also become engaged to Mabel, with the consent and approval of her parents, and it is generally understood that they will be married next May.

Captain Coffin is still alive and is living with Bob in Detroit. Dick Wilton is also in Detroit, working as a clerk in big insurance agency.

Next week's issue will contain "FROM NEWS-BOY TO DETECTOR; or, ROB LAKE'S RISE IN WALL ST."

BUCKSKIN BILL, THE COWBOY PRINCE

Or,

The Rough Riders of the Ranch

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued)

"The marks are in the leather, all right, and no doubt he emptied his poison glands into that boot. Had it gone into your foot by this time it would have been swollen."

"As there is no swelling I can consider myself in no danger, sir. I was not sure of it until just now, though."

And Bill put on his stocking and boot again.

"Well," said the colonel, "now that we know where the gang of outlaws is, hadn't we better get to work at putting them out of business? You know how slippery they are. If we dillydally too long they may get away from us, you know."

"Call the men all down in the valley, and we can then lay out our plan of attack," answered Bill.

It was when the colonel did this and the rough-riders flocked to the valley that Flood was escaping and saw them.

It was decided that an attack be made upon the main entrance to the cave, but when they reached it they discovered that their birds had flown.

"Not a soul here!" exclaimed Colonel Briggs, in disgust.

"They must have fled from Bald Bluff while we were in the valley, then," remarked Bill. "Let's see if we can find their trail."

This proved to be an easy task.

The trail led them down to the glen, where the bandits had kept their mustangs, and Bill now shouted:

"They've got their nags and have gone down toward the range."

"Can you trail them?" demanded the colonel anxiously.

"Easily. Follow me, everybody."

And the whole gang dashed away.

When they came in sight of the ranch-house and saw it all a mass of roaring flames, Bill's heart seemed to almost stop beating from alarm.

"My mother!" he gasped, turning pale.

"Have no alarm," replied the colonel, kindly. "Here she comes now with Hop High, the Chinaman."

And sure enough, there was Mrs. Howland and her cook hurrying toward them on a run.

"That fire is some of Jim Ford's work," exclaimed Bill, in furious tones. "The outlaws' trail leading this way proves it. Colonel, this is a case of revenge."

"Looks that way, Bill."

"Boys!" shouted the young rancher, "help me to save the house. If we can't do that we can

certainly save the other buildings. Form a bucket brigade at the spring.

A shout of assent was the response.

Just then Mrs. Howland reached them, and Bill cried anxiously:

"Are you injured, mother?"

"Not a bit, my son. I've saved our valuables, too."

"Good enough. Who set fire to the house?"

"Flood and his men."

"We are going to try to save it."

They dashed on, leaving her behind, and reached the burning building, where they reined in and alighted.

Most of the cowboys knew where the buckets were stored, and in a few minutes they were attacking the flames.

It was a stubborn fight and lasted an hour, but the last spark was finally put out and the amount of the damage ascertained.

One end of the building was all burned away, and Bill at once gave orders to some of his men to repair it.

Colonel Briggs offered to shelter the widow at his ranch and rode away with her, while the other cattlemen dispersed.

By questioning his mother closely the boy found out that Flood's gang had gone off in the direction of Crows' Nest.

Bill now called some of his men.

"The rest have gone off in despair of corraling Flood," said the boy, "but I have no intention of giving up. Now I want just twenty of you to ride over to Crows' Nest with me to see if we can't bring them to book."

Every man volunteered to go, but Bill selected those of the rough-riders whom he wanted, and on they went.

Upon drawing near the railroad station they saw that a train was fast approaching.

One of Flood's men stood out at the track waving a red lantern, and the rest were hidden inside the station.

Near by their horses were hitched to a rail fence, and as soon as Bill saw this he cried:

"They are going to hold up the train."

"By Jove, you are right, boy," cried Briggs.

"We have arrived just in time to check that plan."

"Wait!" said Bill. "Let's catch them in the act."

Along came the train, her locomotive whistle blowing, and it began to rapidly slacken speed.

In a few moments it paused at the station, when in an instant out rushed Flood's gang, yelling like mad.

Planting themselves on each side of the cab, two of the gang flung up their rifles and covered the engineer and fireman.

"Put a hand on those levers and you are dead men," bawled Flood. "Hold 'em, pards. Now then, the rest cut out that baggage an' locomotive. Step lively there!"

Passengers, with scared faces, stuck their heads out of the car windows, but seeing that gang of armed and desperate-looking rascals swarming around, they withdrew at once.

There was a panic in the passenger cars.

While this was going on the baggage-car was uncoupled from the rest of the train, and Flood yelled to his men:

"All aboard! We'll make this yere engine pull

us up the road a bit and then we'll go fer ther money."

But just then Bill and his rough-riders charged on the gang, mounted on their bronchos.

CHAPTER XXI.

Getting The Money.

"Jim Flood! Hey, Jim Flood!" shouted Bill. "Throw up your hands and surrender or we'll let go and drop you!"

The bandit scowled and, leaping into the locomotive cab, he cast a swift glance backward and saw that all his men were on the cars. Then he roared at the engineer:

"Start her off quick!"

He made a threatening gesture with his pistol, and the engineer grasped the throttle, and the wheels began to turn.

Bang, bang!

The bandits had begun to fire at Bill and his rough-riders.

Bang, bang, bang! came the answering shots, and bullets hissed around both parties.

No one was hit at the first fire.

Meanwhile the locomotive was rapidly gathering speed and began to run away from the bronchos.

There were more shots.

But even these ceased as the cars swept out of range, and Flood smiled grimly and remarked:

"Thet's ther end o' them fer a while, boys."

The locomotive ran along for about five miles.

Several of the bandits were in the baggage-car threatenong the baggage-master, but not a word was spoken.

When Flood was satisfied that they were safe from pursuit he said to the engineer:

"Stop her!"

His order was obeyed.

Then all the rascals entered the baggage-car.

It contained some trunks, valises and parcels but there was no sign of a safe, and Flood looked annoyed.

He confronted the baggage-master and demanded:

"Ain't this ther Deadwood express?"

"It is."

"Whar's ther valuabes?"

"Ain't got none."

"No bank's cash or gild ore?"

"Nothing at all, boss."

"Well, we'll see about thet. Beys, bust open them trunks."

Several of the gang obeyed him, but to his disgust Flood saw that they contained passengers' clothing.

He fixed an ugly look upon the baggage-master.

"I reckon you've hid ther valuables," said he.

"No, no," protested the man. "We carry none."

"Oh, thet's all right, pard. As long as we got nuthin' fer our trouble I reckon we'll truss yer up in here an' blow up ther hull car with a few sticks of dynamine. Sorry ter send yer ter glory, my friend, but we've got ter git square with somebody fer disappointin' us this way, yer know. Hey, Nick, tie him up."

The baggage-master turned very pale, and began to tremble, for he knew how cold-blooded these wretches were.

One of the gang secured him.

He was roughly thrown over on the floor.

"Dan," bawled Flood, "jist put some o' yer dynamite under this yere car. I'm a-goin' ter blow it ter pieces."

One of the men leaped to the ground.

Scarcely had he done so when he gave a warning yell, and there sounded the rattle of wheels.

"The engineer is running away with the locomotive!"

And such was the case.

Left unguarded, the engineer had sent the stoker to quietly uncouple the locomotive from the baggage-car.

It was done without alarming any one.

Then they put on steam and drove the engine away.

A roar of fury escaped Flood, and he rushed to the side door, leaned out and saw the locomotive speeding away.

"Blast 'em!" he howled, "they'll bring back ther sheriff!"

"We have no horses, either," groaned one of the men, dismally.

They were mad enough to swear.

"Got the dynamite ready, Nick?" demanded Flood.

"All ready," came the reply from under the car.

The unfortunate baggage-master groaned and burst into a cold sweat over his peril.

"See here!" he gasped, "don't murder me!"

"Yer a-goin' up in two minutes," growled Flood, savagely.

"Well, my life is worth money."

"How much?"

"Will you let me live if I tell you where I have hidden the valuables we are carrying?"

"Yes. I knowed I'd fetch yer ter time."

"All right. Release me and I'll tell you."

Flood cut his bonds, and the gang gathered around him.

The poor fellow rose to his feet, feeling dejected, and lifted a small trap-door in the floor of the car.

Pointing into the dark opening, he said in husky tones:

"In that hole lies a box of money."

Flood could hardly suppress a cry of delight as he dropped on his knees beside the opening and thrust in both hands.

He pulled out a big japanned tin box.

"Hyer it is!" Flood cried. "Gimme ther key."

"I haven't got it," replied the baggagemaster.

"Oh, well, we kin bust it open."

"Can I go now?"

"Yes, Git!"

With a feeling of relief the man left the car and ran down the track at the top of his speed.

Flood and his men broke open the box, and a yell of delight escaped them when they saw that it contained many bundles of banknotes, amounting to several thousand dollars.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

TRAINLOADS OF BRICK FOR CONTEST OF
FOUR FASTEST BRICKLAYERS

A bricklaying derby is in the making—if manufacturers can supply the bricks—on a road from Guthrie to Edmond, Oklahoma. Three men have declared themselves contestants and efforts are being made to obtain a fourth, whose claim to the crown recently brought challenges from the trio.

The problem of obtaining sufficient bricks is no small one. A freight car contains 25,000 bricks, and each of the trio claims a record of more than 50,000 daily. The three announced contestants are B. H. Johnson of Oklahoma City and "Slim" Peterson of Arkansas City, Kan., each claiming he can put down more than 50,000 bricks in eight hours, and Tony Glassoo of Covington, Okla., who claims a record of 69,000. An attempt is being made to have James Brown of Kansas City, whose claim to 36,000 started the argument, enter the contest.

Each contestant must furnish his own crew of helpers. A purse of \$200 is offered, the winner to take \$100 and the remainder to be divided among those "placing" and "showing."

COMPLETE ADDRESS FOR MAIL

The Post Office Department has for some time past been conducting an intensive and nationwide campaign with the view to having mail plainly, completely and correctly addressed. The cooperation of merchants and other business organizations is earnestly solicited. Merchants and others in business can aid materially by including in their letter and bill heads, and other stationery, particularly order blanks, envelopes, etc., and also in all advertisements, in magazines and in newspapers, their complete street address.

In effecting delivery of mail in large cities, it must be first distributed to station districts and then to the carrier routes. It is obvious that mail is more expeditiously distributed by street and number as when only the name of a firm or building is used, the location must be known to the postal clerk. Names of buildings are frequently changed and in many cases similar. The number of office buildings is increasing so rapidly that the use of names exclusively in addressing mail makes it difficult for post office clerks and railway mail clerks to memorize their names and locations; where, if the street number is used correct distribution may be made quickly without regard to the name of the firm or office building.

To expedite the handling and distribution of mail, there are employed large forces of clerks at night and in the early morning hours, and a considerable quantity of mail is distributed to trains by railway mail clerks, in order that it may be ready for delivery immediately upon reaching the post office of address, and the cooperation of patrons in using building numbers instead of, or in addition to, building names will enable this great force of men to make more effective distribution.

The practice of addressing mail to an avenue or street corner tends to confuse the distributor and promotes delays in delivery. Many of the

intersecting corners of streets and avenues are located within the territory of two or more postal station delivery districts. Without definite street number the mail may be mis-sent and subsequently further delayed by being assorted to the wrong carrier route, several different carrier routes serving the mail for the various corners. The proper way is to address mail to house number and street.

The inclusion of the number of the room, as well as the building number and name or street, enables the carrier promptly to route such mail for proper delivery, and that this is especially true when an inexperienced substitute carrier is working in place of the regular carrier, or when a new carrier is assigned to the route, which might result in the mail being sent to the directory section for proper address, necessitating further delay in delivery.

Railway mail clerks make distribution enroute on trains on railroad lines terminating in States distant from here. Many of these mail clerks have probably never visited this city. The scheme of distribution they study is based on street or avenue address, house numbers being a necessary and important factor.

Merchants, firms or other patrons, who receive mail through post office boxes, should print the number of their post office box and postal station district on their stationery as their mail address, otherwise delays will result. As previously indicated, mail is distributed according to street address, and if the lock box number is omitted, the mail is sorted to the carrier and he re-addresses or relays the mail to the lock box window, thus making an additional handling involving delay which could be avoided.

The foregoing suggestions, relative to addresses on mail intended for delivery at business places, applies in equal force to matter directed to apartment houses. It is a distinct advantage to include in the address the street and number of the apartment building, also the apartment or suite number.

Cooperation by merchants and business concerns generally, along the lines indicated, will result in expeditious handling and delivery of mail frequently avoiding many hours delay. Many firms and corporations have titles that appear similar, and the street location and number will often prevent wrong delivery.

The Postmaster will be glad to furnish further information if desired. The help and cooperation of the public will be greatly appreciated.

—John J. Kiely, Postmaster.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

PLENTY BANANAS

Nearly 50,000,000 stems of bananas are shipped from the West Indies to the United States each year. It requires eighteen months to plant and mature the fruit.

WATERPROOFING BY ELECTROPLATING

Fabrics are now waterproofed by plating with a thin coat of rubber, the process much resembling the ordinary electroplating of metals. The process is said to simplify the waterproofing of garments to a great degree.

CELLULOID HIPPOPOTAMUS

A celluloid hippopotamus is the latest thing in museum art, according to Popular Science Monthly. Heretofore the hippo has defied the skill of taxidermists because it could not be reproduced with convincing realism. But now L. L. Walters, of the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago, Ill., has discovered a method of using celluloid to produce translucent color effects that are said to have almost the semblance of living flesh and blood. Using this method he is constructing a remarkably lifelike reproduction of a hippo, in which the real hairs are embedded in the celluloid.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOON

The earth is the parent of the moon in more than a poetic sense, in the opinion of Dr. R. H. Rastall, lecturer in economic geology at the University of Cambridge, who recently announced a theory that our satellite is made of material that was once part of the earth's crust.

Doctor Rastall's theory, however, differs from that of Sir George Darwin and others who have previously made similar suggestions, for he thinks that a layer of the earth's crust, about forty-one miles thick and covering about two-thirds of its total area, was peeled off by the attraction of the sun. This tidal action of the sun was effective while the crust was still in a plastic state, and the moon's own gravitational attraction caused it to roll up into a ball of the form that we now see in the sky. The crustal area left on the earth formed the continents.

This theory also accounts for the fact that, while, according to generally accepted ideas, masses of lighter density such as make up the earthly continents should cover the entire surface of the globe, they actually cover only about a third, the missing two-thirds consisting of the moon. Measurements of the moon's density by its effect on the earth show that it is about three and a half times as heavy as an equal volume of water. This is more dense than the average for the continental land masses, but Doctor Rastall assumes that at the time of the disruption some of the heavier underlying material was also torn away.

The new theory also fits in with the ideas recently set forth by a German geologist, Prof. Alfred Wegener, who believes the American Continent was originally united with Europe and Africa, and that it floated away to its present place. This would not have been possible so long as the entire earth was covered with such a crust, but after the moon had been torn away it was possible for the continents to separate from their long embrace.

LAUGHS

"When you said you'd give a penny for my thoughts, did you think there were millions of ideas in them?" "No; it was just a cent-I-meant."

Kathryn—Kate says you would not be looking if it wasn't for your nose. Kitty—What about hers? I'd rather have my nose than two of hers.

"Have a good time on your vacation?" "Splendid. You don't know what a relief it was to me to see my husband spend a dollar or two without grumbling."

Wife—Everything is getting higher. Husband—Oh, I don't know. There's your opinion of me and my opinion of you, and the neighbors' opinion of both of us.

"Are you a good baseball player?" "No. I'm a prohibitionist." "What's that got to do with it?" "Well, I don't like a high ball and I never touch a drop."

Why is a postage stamp a most unfortunate thing? Though it stick to its duties to the very letter, it gets its head punched, its face disfigured and a good licking.

Sandy was walking along the road in deep thought, and it was his minister who brought him to earth again with: "Halloa, Sandy! Thinking of the future, eh?" "No," replied our hero, moodily. "To-morrow's the wife's birthday, and I'm thinking o' the present."

Little Cissie had fallen down and cut her knee. Mother promptly rendered first aid, but as it was rather dark and she could not see the wound properly, she consequently placed the bandage rather too low. "Oh, mummie," complained the child. "This bandage is not in the right place. I fell down higher up!"

CURRENT NEWS

PEARL FROM HERRINGS

Using the scales of herring as material, manufacturers are now turning out artificial pearls that sell for as high as \$200 each. Only experts can tell them from the genuine.

HEAVY AUTOMOBILE CASUALTY LIST

Twenty-six thousand lives, nearly five times the number killed on both sides in the Battle of Gettysburg, were lost in traffic accidents during the last year. In addition, more than 700,000 persons were injured permanently from the same cause.

More than a third of the auto victims were children. Smashed automobiles and other property destroyed in traffic accidents amounted to the appalling sum of \$1,000,000,000.

WEIGHT LIFTING HITS OMAHA

The weight lifting craze originating in Omaha has affected Red Oak, Iowa, ice men, remarks "The Omaha Bee." Joe Vaughn, twenty, weighing 147 pounds, recently carried two cakes of ice totaling 600 pounds for a distance of 15 feet.

Joe also toted 500 pounds of ice for 54 feet and claims the championship among all ice men of his age and weight.

LUMBERING 700 YEARS

A Swedish lumber company is this year celebrating its 700th anniversary. It is said to be the oldest lumber concern in existence. Because of its scientific methods, its forests, cut on a continuous yield basis, are in better condition today than ever before. Every seventy or eighty years the loggers turn to the same timber tract for cutting. The cut-over land problem does not exist.

RED PEPPER SAVES FROM SUFFOCATION

Red pepper that makes you sneeze has found a respectable and worthy use in the world, says Popular Science monthly. It can save human life. Capt. Frank B. Gorin, Secretary of the Chemical Warfare Association, recently disclosed this discovery.

A volatile oil is derived from the red pepper. This can be mixed with the illuminating gas that flows through your gas mains. Then if the flame should blow out and gas escape into a room any one breathing it is seized with such violent burning of the eyes and coughing that he has to run from the gas laden atmosphere. Thus accidental asphyxiation is prevented.

WORLD'S FOOD ANIMALS

There are at present about 65,000,000 heads of cattle in the United States, or about half an animal per capita. Only one other country has a bigger herd, and that is India, which has 140,000,000. Argentine ranks third with 40,000,000, and Brazil, next, with almost as many. Austria has but 15,000,000 head of cattle and France and Germany even fewer. America has today nearly 40,000,000 sheep, but Australia has double the number, and Argentine almost as many as the

United States. The number of swine grown in the United States totals 60,000,000. No other country has even one fourth as many. In spite of New York's vote for corned beef and cabbage more pork is eaten in the United States than any other meat.

OLD WALL STREET BUILDING STILL USED AS DWELLING

In Wall Street, one of the best known streets in the world, whose very name wherever spoken implies wealth and power, there is a building that more than a hundred ago was a pretentious private dwelling, and even today one floor is occupied as an apartment. It is No. 121 and it stands at the corner of Wall and South streets, a little three-story brick structure built in 1811. The ground floor at the corner is occupied by a modest lunch counter, patronized principally by laborers about the docks. The two floors above contain small offices, and the top floor is occupied by one of Wall Street's business men and his family. He is the sole head of a business house that in the course of a year, like many other Wall Street houses, handles millions. His millions are not dollars, however, but peanuts, cigarettes and lollypops, if business is good, as it usually is at his little stand near the corner.

The brick walls of No. 121 are not exactly plumb and in several places have sagged. When the house was built there was a beautiful little grassy plaza in front, where residents of the neighborhood gathered to gossip on pleasant evenings, for Wall Street in those days contained about as many private residences as business places.

Looking backward over the years that have passed since this little brick residence was built, one notes the many changes that have been made in the architecture of the street. The old Merchant's Exchange stood on the ground now occupied by the National City Bank. This building was destroyed by the disastrous fire of 1835 and another building was erected. The new building was occupied by the New York Stock Exchange until 1854. The site was afterward occupied by the Custom House until 1891, when the National City Bank purchased the property.

In 1811 the old City Hall, afterward known as Federal Hall, was standing at the corner of Wall and William streets. Here Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the United States on April 30, 1789. The building was torn down in 1812. To record the changes in the architectural appearance since the little brick house was built in 1811 would fill a volume, and a record of its various occupants would probably fill another good-sized volume. The financiers of the beginning of the last century would be looked upon as "pikers" now.

The little brick residence at No. 121 will in the near future become a victim of the resistless march of progress. A few years ago it was bought, along with adjoining property, by a large industrial corporation, which intends to erect on the site a modern skyscraper.

FROM ALL POINTS

POLITICIAN IN BULLFIGHT

Politics seems tame now to Hamilton G. Pedrick, new Republican State Committeeman for Salem County, N. J. who has just returned from Europe, where he dodged a bull in a Spanish arena. Mr. Pedrick is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. While watching a bull fight from an amphitheatre he saw a chance for some good pictures. According to the story told by his traveling companions, Mr. Pedrick got out into a lane between the bull ring and the grand stand. While he was focusing upon the ring a bull that had got loose charged him.

Mr. Pedrick vaulted the high fence to escape and landed in the dust of the arena. The bull came around the fence while the gallery looked on. Mr. Pedrick did not pause to play toreador, his friends said, for the bull grazed him by a few inches. He dashed to the protecting fence, scaled it safely and an attendant slammed the gate and kept the bull inside.

SEEKING FREAK TREES

Eight cash prizes will be awarded for photographs of unusual or freak trees by the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University. The prizes will be divided as follows: First, \$5; second, \$4; third, \$3; fourth, \$2, and four prizes of \$1 each. The photographs must show trees growing within the boundaries of New York State, although any citizen of the United States may submit a picture.

The contest is open now and will close Dec. 1. Each contestant should attach to the photograph submitted a description of the tree, its species and location, stated as accurately and completely as possible. Photographs not accompanied with this information will be disqualified. All pictures should be addressed to the Contest Editor, New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse, N. Y.

SAND-CASTLE BUILDING FAD

At the innumerable seaside resorts which dot the coasts of the North and Baltic seas one of the favorite pastimes for young and old this season is the construction of so-called sand-castles, or mounds of sand piled up in odd and fantastic shapes and often adorned with figures and inscriptions in the form of mosaics made out of colored stones, pebbles and shells found in the beach.

This pastime is now so much of a fad that keen competition among guests at various seaside resorts has led managers of resort hotels to offer prizes for the most artistic designs. Art commissions are chosen from the hotel's guests, and they carefully inspect the hundreds of sand-castles at the resort and award prizes to the three best.

On more than one occasion unusual talent has been discovered where least expected, and in some cases these discoveries are likely to lead to careers as architects, designers, painters or sculptors, designers, painters or sculptors for the winners.

Building sand-castles, besides being good sport, is said to afford healthful sun baths.

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GROW WHISKERS TO MASTER WOMEN

Young men who are seeking favor with girls are advised to grow bushy whiskers like the cave men used to wear by Arthur Ponsonby, member of Parliament. London, England, who writes amusingly in the Empire Review, contending that the modern male is inclined to become effeminate.

"The whiskerless young men of today are dominated by the girls, and willingly submit," writes Mr. Ponsonby. He suggests that suitors would be much better off if they all grew beards, but adds that if it came to a showdown it is doubtful whether they would be able to do so.

"It is very noticeable how the young men are dominated in the cafes and restaurants," he writes. "In the old days one would see a man enter followed by a girl, shy and demure."

"Today you will see the girl stride in with the air of mastery and assurance, her hat crushed over her eyes, a long cigarette holder suspended from her lips, and behind her trots the escort. She orders the meal, and if there is any swearing to be done at the waiter she will do it."

"None of the whiskered gentlemen of the old school would permit this."

LITTLE ADS

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DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel, experience unnecessary. Write George R. Wagner, former Govt. Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

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MISCELLANEOUS

WOULD YOU like to know what day of the week you were born? Send age, birthday and a dime (coin) and I will tell you. L. E. Hayes, Box 137, Newberry, S. C.

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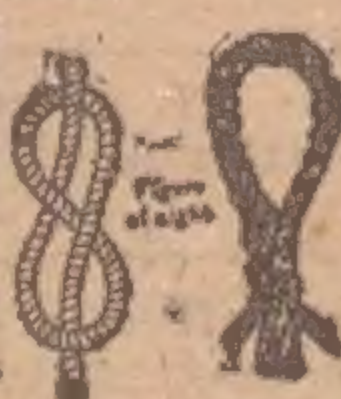
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